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POEMS

BY

MARY A. McIVER.

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Ottawa, May, 1869.

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ERRATA.

Page 3, Stanza VI., 1st line—For "courts," read "court."

Page 3, Stanza VII.—For "tow'rs," read "bow'rs."

Page 6, Stanza XVII, 3rd line—For "breathes," read "breathe."

Page 9, Stanza XXIV., 3rd line—For "know," read "knows."

Page 12, Stanza XXXV., 1st line—For "Now," read "How."

Page 12, Stanza XXXV., 4th line—For "reassures," read "reassure."

Page 16, Stanza XLVII., 1st line—For "sires," read "sires'."

Page 20, 4th line—For "were," read "was."

Page 40, last line—For "Where," read "When."

Page 59, 7th line—For "well," read "swell."

Page 64, 4th line—For "hall," read "halls."

Page 64, 7th line—For "gables," read "gable."

Page 66, 8th line—For "poor," read "pure."

Page 67, 7th line—For "they," read "these."

Page 68, 4th line—For "tiding," read "tidings."

Page 69, 10th line—For "Oh, pilgrim bark none may see thee more," read "Oh, pilgrim bark, none now may see thee more."

Page 70, 1st line—For "All its bright dreams of paths untried," read "All its bright-coloured dreams of paths untried."

Page 98—The 21st line should read after the 19th.

Page 128, 10th line—For "bright life," read "brief life."

Page 128, 17th line—For "off," read "oft;" same line, for "faintest," read "fairest."

Page 148, 5th line—For "hath," read "have."

ZELIM.

I.

I TELL of that sad time when sunny Spain,
The chivalrous abode of song and glory,
Was rent by fierce, unholy strife in twain—
E'en as the child, in the sweet Scripture story,
Was threatened in the Hebrew King's wise reign;—
Such was the judgment, terrible and gory,
Denounced 'gainst Islam,(1) from the frequent field,
Where Allah's children died, unknowing how to yield.

II.

Loud peals the trumpet thro' the startled land,
A sound that ever nerves the warrior's arm,
From lonely hills where Atalayas stand (2)
The atabal repeats its wild alarm,
While martial hosts arise on ev'ry hand
To shield their temples and their homes from harm;
They come, they come, e'en from the far sea-shore,
And from the mountain-sides resistless torrents pour.

III.

No more portentous sight the years have seen
  Since Taric leaped on that eternal Rock, (3)
Which changeful centuries have left serene,
  Meeting with head unbowed War's tempest-shock,
And tow'ring o'er Alzaca, (4) which hath been
  A smiling syren, Afric's hopes to mock
When by her tribes of desert-children she
Essayed to rule the land kissed by the tideless sea.

IV.

One subtler than Don Roderigo (5) moulds
  To his own bent the war of many wills,
One braver than the Gothic King upholds
  Spain's ancient faith amid Asturian hills,
Beneath his bannêr's consecrated folds,
  Lo, Vict'ry marches! she who now fulfils
In Fate's decrees the victor's stern behest, [attest.
Whose might those ravaged fields and leagured towns

V.

First falls Zahara by a cruel fate, (6)
  Sure presage of a lengthened list of woes
Unto the Moslemah, who learnt too late
  What dread disasters from its loss arose;
E'en when regained, it was again the gate
  Of Fortune's exit to the camp of foes,
That ever vigilant around them lay,
And saw those wrongs avenged on lost Alhama's day.

VI.

Peace holds her courts in proud Granada's walls,
And sheathed awhile is each relentless blade;
By good King Juzef in Alhambra's halls
The sceptre of his realm is justly swayed;
There softly Music weaves her tuneful thralls,
And Beauty smiles on Valor, unafraid
Of all the sorrows that await on Love,
When War's fierce falcon swoops on Peace's gentle dove.

VII.

But hark, a wail from Antequeras tow'rs! (7)
What boding sounds appal the breathless air—
While pale Affright flits thro' deserted tow'rs,
Once sacred to the presence of the fair,
Flown inmates who passed here the joyous hours
In mirth and song, without a thought of care:—
Away, ye stricken ones! outspeed the wind,
Nor bootlessly bewail your bright home left behind.

VIII.

Vain, vain the efforts of her brave defenders,
The ancient city from (8) her foe to save;
Long, long, the combat—ere she thus surrenders,
Her gallant sons fill many a glorious grave;
And for such mercy as the conq'ror tenders,
The mournful remnant are too proud to crave.
Go forth, go forth, one feeble hope remains,
On future fields ye may efface these clinging stains.

IX.

Ah, well for those who fell at morning's breaking,
Nor ever saw the sad dishonoring eve,
In that unconscious sleep which knows not waking,
Their high hearts may at last forget to grieve;
They shall not know the anguish of forsaking
Those scenes which it were almost death to leave;
And not for them the proud, indignant pain
Which writhes in noble breasts when Valor proves in vain.

X.

Onward to that fair city of delight
Which lies amid the Snowy Mountains high; (9)
Let none save eagles equal ye in flight,
'Tis from disgrace and worse than death ye fly;
Comarcas red with blood—the sadd'ning sight
Of ruined homes outlined against the sky,
Bright with destructive beauty—swiftly pass,
Like weird reflections seen in some magician's glass.

XI.

Within the place which ye would fain forget,
Your Mosques re-echo the invaders' tread;
Long streets with dew, not that of night, are wet,
The sweet moon shineth down upon your dead;
On high, above each glitt'ring minaret
The symbol of their worship rears its head,
That ever unto Islam bodeth loss, [Cross.
Spain's sacred ensign bright—the Christian's gleaming

XII.

Forward! upon the dark sierra's verge,
A doubtful light makes all the East its own;
One moment pause, ere yet the Dawn emerge,
And breathe a fervent pray'r to Allah's throne;
Then forward still your desert-coursers urge
To plains where yet War's tumult is unknown;
Farewell, ill-fated few! whose hearts yet burn
With mem'ry of the woes o'er which ye long must mourn.

XIII.

Now, Don Fernando spreads his conquests wide,
Blank Desolation follows in his path;
His faithful men, with true Castilian pride,
Mark what vast skill and quick resource he hath;
Defeat is Honor by their General's side,
He seems to them God's Minister of Wrath,
Who, chast'ning Moslem pride, may yet restore
The old heroic days of Cid Campeador. (10)

XIV.

Night holdeth her uninterrupted reign,
She looketh o'er the land from turrets high,
And her black banners wave o'er hill and plain,
Till of the same hue grows the vassal-sky.
From Antequera's gates a courtly train
In shining panoply pass proudly by,
They come, ye Moslemah, the tireless foe,
To lay your olive-grounds and pleasant vineyards low.

XV.

They go through hamlets lit but by the gleam
Of homesteads bright with ruin ;—on they pass
Thro' pastures lately blooming, which now seem
Desolate wilds of scorched and trodden grass ;
They go like phantoms thro' a troubled dream
Past dark, dismantled dwellings, where, alas !
Shall never more be heard the happy strain
Which oft at eve was wont to soothe the toiling swain.

XVI.

The lone night-hours like spectral shapes flit on,
The silent soldiers on their way advance ;—
Is that the first, faint smile of early Dawn,
Or is't the glimmer of a Moorish lance ?
A shadow from the moon's fair face withdrawn
Discloses to them at a hasty glance
The form of one who now approaches near,
In solitary guise—a Moslem cavalier.

XVII.

A stately steed, wild-eyed and full of fire,
Whose rushing speed leaves that of birds behind,
Whose wide-distended nostrils breathes but dire
Destruction, as his native desert-wind,
Curbs his proud progress at his lord's desire ;
Endowed with almost human pow'rs of mind,
His quick perception had at first betrayed
That those were living things which hovered in the shade.

XVIII.

Nor courage doth the noble stranger lack,
Nor skill in use of war-like arms, I trow,
Right gallantly he dares the swift attack,
And charges down on the unequal foe,
On Danger still he scorns to turn his back,
But overpow'ring numbers round him throw
The meshes woven by unfalt'ring Fate,
And gracefully he yields, for "God alone is Great." (11)

XIX.

Then homeward wends that goodly company,
The courteous captive tells, at their request,
How he beheld the peaceful dwellers flee,
Abandoning to fire what they possessed;—
Now Antequera's ancient fanes they see,
Soon ZELIM is th' Alcayde's honored guest, (12)
And in his presence stands with bearing high,
Nor for one instant quails before his captor's eye.

XX.

He seems like some eternal type of youth
On which the young world's nameless charm lies bright,
His clear brow bears the sacred seal of truth,
His eyes, like unto javelins of light,
Pierce the beholder's soul. He is, in sooth,
For one so noble, fittingly bedight,
And ever, 'mid his vesture's silken fold,
The glitt'ring rays shoot forth of jewels and of gold.

XXI.

The bright baretta's waving shadow lies
With light caressing touch upon his neck,
Its vivid hue the turban's folds outvies,
Which, like to wreaths of snow, his temples deck :—
Good need hath he to be discreet and wise,
A turbaned Paynim (13) much hath he to reck ;
He wears the hostile Moslem's dress and mien,
Yet in his dauntless face no servile fear is seen.

XXII.

To all of which the Christian makes enquire,
The candid youth with ready speech replies :
"From Ronda came I when the morning's fire
With sweet, illusive splendor lit the skies ;
Above that city's nobles ranks my sire,
I go "—but here his breast heaves heavy sighs,
His hands conceal his face, a sudden storm
Of passion rends him, then the tears fall fast and warm.

XXIII.

As those who from dark dreams of strife awaken
To some reality more dreadful still,
As one who at the twilight hours is taken
To utter darkness fear-oppressed and chill ;
So Zelim feels by ev'ry hope forsaken,
And by the might of the unconquered will
Which had been hitherto his only stay,
Lo ! that wild burst of tears had swept it all away.

XXIV.

Th' Alcayde speaks: "That one of valiant race
Should be o'ercome, I marvel much to see,
Who knows War's chances know that these efface
Distinctions due to birth or to degree;
Such tears at best beseem a maiden's face,
Not well-tried warriors like unto thee."
On ZELIM'S ear falls each well-noted word,
His unasserted worth by this reproach is stirred.

XXV.

"And know," he cries, "These not unworthy tears,
In which thy bravest knight unshamed might share,
Spring from a purer source than selfish fears,
For mine own miseries I do not care;
A deeper sorrow my remembrance sears,
Of which, O Christian, thou art unaware;
And this reduces me to such sad plight
As makes the former loss of liberty seem light."

XXVI.

The charge is thus repelled with noble scorn,
And some slight show of an indignant heat;
Much he repents that by his thoughts o'erborne,
The foe has gained a triumph, doubtless, sweet;—
Yet hath th' Alcayde kindly aspect worn,
And his persuasive accents now entreat
The youth that secret sorrow to confide
In one who might have pow'r to soothe if not to guide.

XXVII.

To whom the youth makes answer in this wise :
" I am a captive bound by double chains;
My lady-love has all-subduing eyes,
To these my heart its fealty retains ;
Yea, oft have I, with chivalrous emprise,
Fought in her cause on our invaded plains ;
For this, that I have honored so her name,
She sent the message sweet that I her love might claim.

XXVIII.

" Then wings of rapture were for me outspread,
A fleet steed came at my impatient call,
And with the speed of lightning on we fled
To bear that gem to rocky Ronda's hall, (14)
By adverse Fortune was I hither led,
Thy horsemen took me in a grievous thrall
And—but thou know'st the rest—herein appears
Sufficient cause, methinks, for these ill-timéd tears."

XXIX.

The passionate recital finds a close,
The gen'rous hearted auditor is moved
With deep compassion for the Moslem's woes,—
" Hasten," he cries, " and seek the one belov'd ;
Yet, ere my gallant captive from me goes,
I would that his firm fortitude were prov'd ;
Pledge me thy knightly word for thy return,
When from thy lips she shall the heavy tidings learn."

XXX.

The gallant youth accepts the boon; then turning
His steed upon the way he late had crost,
He onward dashes, brain and bosom burning,
His very thoughts in wild confusion tost;
He strives to stifle that half-conscious yearning
To see her whom he now believes is lost;
Lost, lost forever, unto Love and him,—
With scathing, unshed tears his eyes again are dim.

XXXI.

The lady of his love was very bright,
Of ancestry not quite unknown to fame;
Her fathers from the death-renownéd height
Of Tinmaul, on Morocco's confines, came. (15)
One frowning fortress held her as its light,
Wherein she bore a strange and flow'r-like name, (16)
ZAHRA, the minstrels called her in their songs,
And so, that title sweet to her of right belongs.

XXXII.

Her eyes were dark as death, or as despair,
Unfathomably deep, as stars at sea;
The bright abundance of her glorious hair
Fell round her gleaming shoulders to her knee;
But o'er the broad coast of her forehead fair,
The parted waves at their sweet will strayed free;
And all the radiance of her spirit shone
Thro' features such as none except Earth's pure ones own.

XXXIII.

A lonely vigil is the maiden keeping
Within the solitude of those old halls,
Vague terror such as Childhood knows comes sweeping
Over her startled spirit, and appals
The thoughts that leave her tremulous with weeping;
"ZELIM! mine own! it is thy ZAHRA calls—"
Then blushes she to find her grief's excess
Should prompt those tender words in hope to make it less.

XXXIV.

Hark! thro' the lattice his clear tones are ringing,
She listens for awhile in sweet amaze,
Ah, well she knows the strains which, bird-like, winging,
Make these dark arches vocal with her praise,
He comes, and to his side in welcome springing,
She feels the happiness of former days
Flow round her heart in swift-returning streams;—
Can he with cruel words break her delightful dreams?

XXXV.

Now do the rapid moments onward fleet
In presence of that bright one, fair and lone,—
He hears her falt'ring voice the words repeat
Which reassures him she is all his own;
Long silence follows on their converse sweet,
How shall he make his gloomy tidings known?
He must at once those happy hopes dispel [spell.
From his own heart and hers—his first words break the

XXXVI.

" I came to claim thee as mine own, my bride,
I thought that thou with me, perchance, mightst go
Where nothing could our future lives divide,
For this my Arab's speed was all too slow ;
With no foreboding thrill I sought thy side ;—
Alas ! alas ! that I should meet thee so,—
A wretched captive suing for the grace
Of but one pitying smile ere yet he leaves this place.

XXXVII.

" For know, as thy dear mandate I obeyed,
A troop of Antequera's horsemen came
And took me captive, then was I conveyed
To their Alcayde—thou hast heard his name—
Before him was I for awhile delayed.
He spoke most kindly—praised my father's fame—
And having somewhat of my story heard
Allowed me to depart bound only by my word.

XXXVIII.

" Farewell ! amidst the darkness of my fate
Thy sweet face brightens like a constant star ;—
Whatever perils may my steps await,
They cannot thy true heart from mine debar ;—
Behold ! my love ! the light of Dawn elate.—
And I must from thy presence hie me far ;—
But by the brightness of thine eyes and brow
Our souls shall yet redeem this sorrow-plighted vow."

XXXIX.

"Nay, go not yet," she cries, "th' Azala's chime
Is still unheard[17]—my heart why thus o'erawed—
ALLAH protect him! 'tis the fearful time
When EBLIS, evil spirit, is abroad;[18]
It is the dread hour when red-handed Crime
Does nameless deeds of bloodshed and of fraud:
No light is in the lifeless skies save thine
That at my birth-hour ruled—Oh, bitter star malign![19]

XL.

"Yet ZELIM—I forgot—the gen'rous foe
To whom thou didst thy sacred honor plight—
I will no more detain thee—thither go,
But let me be companion of thy flight;
And if unransomed, let me too be so,
If thy captivity some little light
May know,—for I the Christian's slave will be
Rather than wed with one more fortunate and free."

XLI.

"Sweet one! thou little know'st what thou would'st share,
A solitude lit by no friendly face;
The stifling atmosphere and prison-fare
Would soon destroy thy healthful bloom and grace,
And scornful looks which are much worse to bear;—
No, ZAHRA, such for thee is no fit place,
I cannot take thee thither—thou wilt learn
If better fate befall—I will to thee return."

XLII.

But now those dark, dilated eyes of hers
Beam on him with a deeply-thrilling glance,
"ZELIM, thy nobleness of spirit stirs
In me more gratitude than when thy lance
Flashed in my name among the worshippers
Who bow at stranger-shrines;—this shall enhance
Such deeds of prowess as were done to prove
The loyalty and truth of thine undoubted love.

XLIII.

"Therefore I pray that thou wilt not prevent
My firm resolve; let us at once repair
To Antequera,—there shall I present
The Alcayde with these jewels,—may I share
Thy good or evil fortune?" His consent,
Altho' reluctant giv'n, the lady fair
Passes with her brave lover thro' the gate
Where Hope and his good steed upon their coming wait.

XLIV.

Mark how along the far sierras' tops
A rosy blush of timid light is stealing,
Day's golden arrow in the valley drops,
Old Antequera throned on high revealing,
The steed before a massy portal stops,
And ZELIM seeks the Alcayde's presence, feeling
That he has well-redeemed his hasty plight,
His fears are all for her who thus has shared his flight.

XLV.

He led the way thro' many a corridor,
And court which e'en at noon are cool and shady,
Never before that time the marble floor
Had kissed the feet of such a lovely lady;
A page preceding them the tidings bore
Of their arrival, and the good Alcayde
Beholding ZAHRA kneeling at his feet,
Approves her lover's faith and hers in language meet.

XLVI.

One day and night they at his court abide,
Then he permits the lovers to depart,
Bestowing costly presents on the bride,
The first sweet victress of his captive's heart;
They, soon by holiest bonds to be allied,
For rocky Ronda at the dawning start,
A fitting escort on their steps attend—
Soon ZELIM and his bride his native hills ascend.

XLVII.

And he was often leader in the fray,
His daring exploits soon surpass'd his sires,
And foemen stern were known to flee away
Before his keen sword's scintillating fires,
Whilst ZAHRA in her mountain home would pray
With that devotion pure which never tires
That ALLAH would his chosen children shield
And safely bring her lord from the ensanguined field.

XLVIII.

And many a year went by, yet their true love
Throughout life's changeful scenes was still the same,
For they were raised by mutual faith above
Those doubts which oft the trusting heart would claim,
Nor could dull Discontent their spirits move,
Nor even the alluring voice of Fame;
But quiet happiness filled up their days,
Tho' all Granada's homes were ringing with their praise.

XLIX.

Ah well, their story lives in many lands,
And forms the theme of many a gifted line,
Thro' centuries by Song's own sacred bands
Of bards anointed shall its glory shine;
How comes it to unconsecrated hands
And lips untaught in her deep lore as mine;
A ling'rer in the outer vestibule
Of that high temple where she only holdeth rule.

L.

And now farewell, a long farewell, unto
This shadowy romance of days departed;
If o'er these pages linger yet a few
Whose tears in sympathy with mine have started,
I would that they could know how pure and true
Were these young lovers, and how valiant-hearted
Was he who lives in many a loftier strain,
The noblest cavalier in all the land of Spain.

NOTES TO ZELIM.

Introductory Note.—The incident on which this Poem is founded, is contained in the third volume of Condé's History of the Arabs in Spain. For those who may not have the above mentioned work for reference, I subjoin the following account, condensed from the original:

While Juzef Ben Juzef reigned in Granada, the stronghold of Antequera fell into the hands of Don Fernando, who appointed Narvaez Alcayde of the conquered city. The troops garrisoned therein, frequently made incursions into the surrounding country, and those of the Moslemah retorted in like manner. One night a captain was taken alone by a band of horsemen, who brought him before their Alcayde. The youth's mien was noble, and he wore the dress of a Moorish cavalier of rank. Narvaez treated him courteously, and asked him some questions, which he answered satisfactorily; but, on being interrogated as to his proposed destination, his fortitude suddenly forsook him, and he replied only by tears. The Alcayde having reproached him for this, the youth replied that he had been proceeding to the abode of a lady whom he was to have claimed as his affianced bride, when he was captured by the enemy. Narvaez, thereupon, with a generosity almost unequalled even in that chivalrous time, gave him permission to proceed thither without delay, with the proviso that as soon as he had communicated to the lady the cause of his failure he should return to his prison. The Moslem noble gladly accepted the condition, and returned within the specified time, accompanied by his betrothed, who had insisted upon sharing her lover's captivity. But the good Alcayde was so much moved by the heroic resolution of the lady and the honor of the cavalier that he gave them both their liberty, dismissing them to their own land with rich gifts, and appointing a suitable escort for them. So romantic an adventure could not fail to furnish the poets of Granada with a congenial theme for their wild and beautiful improvisations.

Note 1. Stanza 1:

"Denounced 'gainst Islam."

Islam, or the Faith; for so it is that the Mahometans call their creed. The word signifies confidence in and devotion to the will of God, as manifested in the Koran, and from this word it is that the followers of Mahomet have adopted their present custom of calling themselves Muslimen or Moslemah.—*Condé.*

Note 2, Stanza II:

"From lonely hills, where Atalayas stand"

Atalaya was a Moorish appellation for a Watch-Tower.

Note 3, Stanza III:

"Since Taric leaped on that eternal Rock."

The Rock of Gibraltar, which received its name (Gebaltaric), Mount of Taric, from him by whom the Moors were first led into Spain.

Note 4, Stanza III:

"And tow'ring o'er Alzaca—"

The Straits which separate Spain from Africa bore this name. Alzaca, or Alzacâc, signifies the Narrow Waters.

Note 5, Stanza IV:

"One subtler than Don Roderigo."

Don Fernando, (Ferdinand of Arragon), though not upon the throne at that time, commanded the Spanish army for his nephew, the son of Don Enrique of Castille, who was then an infant. Don Roderigo, or Don Ruderic, was the last Gothic King of Spain, and was defeated and slain by Taric.

Note 6, Stanza V:

"First falls Zahara by a cruel fate."

Zahara was a stronghold which, after having been taken by Fernando, returned to the possession of its former masters, in the reign of Abul Hassan, King of Granada, on which occasion the Christians retorted by the destruction of Alhama, an event celebrated in song, and the subject of the plaintive little Moorish Ballad, "Ay di mi, Alhama!" which has been so beautifully translated by Byron.

Note 7, Stanza VII:

"But hark, a wail from Antequera's tow'rs!"

When Antequera was taken, the inhabitants preferred abandoning their homes to remaining under Christian sway.

Note 8, Stanza VIII:

"The ancient city—'

Medina Antequera. The Moors often prefixed the word Medina (city), to the name of a place, as Medina Toledo, Medina Sevillia, &c. Medina Antequera meant the ancient city.

Note 9, Stanza X:

"———that fair city of delight,
Which lies amid the Snowy Mountains high."

Granada is situated amidst the Sierra Nevada or Snowy Mountains, so called because their tops are always covered with snow.

Note 10, Stanza XIII:

"The old heroic days of Cid Campeador."

Ruy de Diaz, the Cid Campeador, or, as he was called by the Moors, El Cambitur, (the Conqueror), is the great hero of Spanish poetry and romance. Many beautiful traditions concerning him and his martial exploits, linger in his own lovely land, though the grave muse of history regards him in the light of a somewhat mythical personage. In Mrs. Heman's "Songs of the Cid," much of the true spirit of Spanish chivalry is preserved.

Note 11, Stanza XVIII:

"And gracefully he yields, for 'God alone is great!'"

"Allah Hu Akbar!" (God alone is Great!) an exclamation used by Mahometans on various occasions and with various meanings. It is used

here by Zelim to imply submission to God's immutable decrees. In the same sense was it used by Abu Abdallah, (generally called Boabdil), when, after having lost his kingdom, he turned to look back once more on his beautiful city of Granada, and the place where he uttered these words were called ever after "Fey Allah Hu Akbar."

Note 12, Stanza XIX :

"Soon Zelim is th' Alcayde's honored guest."

Alcayde is here the designation of the Governor of the Fortress.

Note 13, Stanza XXI :

"A turbaned Paynim—"

Paynim was a word used by the Spanish Christians to denote a Mosleman, in somewhat the same manner as the latter would call a Christian an Infidel.

Note 14, Stanza XXVIII :

"To bear that gem to rocky Ronda's hall."

Medina Ronda, a City and Fortress inaccessible to an enemy, since the seat thereof is on high rocks, and the strength of the defences is increased by a river with bold and rocky shores, by which the site is surrounded.—*Condé.*

Note 15, Stanza XXXI :

"Her fathers from the death-renownéd height
Of Tinmaul, on Morocco's confines, came."

It was in the hill-town of Tinmaul that El Mehedi, (The Teacher), founder of the Almohade dynasty, kept at bay the Almoravides of Morocco. Fearful and frequent were the scenes of massacre which that mountain-fortress beheld. The Almohade dynasty in time deposed the Almoravide, and obtained dominion in Spain, where it is highly probable that the men of Tinmaul were especially favored by the reigning monarch and promoted to offices of trust and honor, which they might have been enabled to retain under subsequent rulers. Tinmaul was ever regarded with reverential feelings by the Almohades, and some of their monarchs were taken thither for interment. Condé describes it in these words :

"After this victory El Mehedi left the mountains and returned to Tinmaul, where he determined to fix his residence; the strength of the fortress, with the character of its site, being calculated to resist whatever force might be sent against him. When he had thus chosen his abode, he distributed the lands and houses among his companions, his next care being to surround the city with strong walls, which he furnished with numerous and lofty towers. On a height which rises above and commands the place, he then built a citadel having extraordinary strength; and from that high summit he not only dominated the city, with the hill on which it stands, but also the plains lying on the farther side of the same, insomuch that Tinmaul is considered to be surpassed in strength by no city yet known. No man can enter the place, whether on foot or horseback, save only by two gates—the one to the East and the other to the West—that last being in the direction towards Morocco. The entrance by either way is through a narrow path, which finally becomes so

difficult that it does not admit the passage even of horses; and all who would enter the city must alight, nay, must proceed with great care, lest he fall into the abyss beneath. This narrow way hath been formed by the hand and cut in the hard rock, having the precipitous descent of the precipice or abyss before mentioned on one side, and high overhanging rocks with deep clefts therein on the other. From time to time the traveller finds this narrow way interrupted by the beds of torrents which descend from the summit, and these are strewn with large masses of rock. Bridges of wood are thrown over these clefts and torrents, but they are so disposed as to be easily removed if need be, when that fearful path becomes wholly impassable; nor can he who hath then advanced upon it either go forward or turn back."

Note 16, Stanza XXXI:

"she bore a strange and flow'r-like name."

Zahra signifies a flower.

Note 17, Stanza XXXIX:

"———th' Azala's chime
Is still unheard."

Azala signifies prayer. There were five Azalas offered by the Mahometans every day. The Azala of Azohbi or the Prayer of the Dawn was offered just before day-break.

Note 18, Stanza XXXIX:

"———'tis the fearful time,
When Eblis, evil spirit, is abroad."

Eblis, the Spirit of Darkness.

Note 19, Stanza XXXIX:

"No light is in the lifeless skies save thine
That at my birth-hour ruled—Oh, bitter star malign!"

The Moors held the superstition of the old Arabian astrologers, that a person's fate is influenced by that star which is in the ascendant at the time of his birth.

MY NATIVE LAND.

THOUGH strangers speak of softer skies,
Of bluer waves that sink and rise
Laving full many a lovelier shore
Renowned in song and tale of yore;
I would not forfeit the dear claim
I hold upon my place of birth,
But call it by a glorious name,
The freest, fairest land on earth!

My native land! my native land!
Though mine may never be the hand,
In crowded marts or forest ways,
To wake thy lyre to worthy lays,
Yet dear thy fame unto thy child
And doubly dear thy honest worth,
Thy young aspirings glad and wild,
O freest, fairest land on earth!

And should there come a darker hour
For all this fame and all this pow'r,
Should e'er the war-cloud blot the blue
Of thy clear sky, thy children true,
The best and bravest 'mong our band
Shall guard each peaceful home and hearth,
And thou wilt still, as ever, stand
The freest, fairest land on earth!

POESIE.

I HEAR her voice, her low sweet voice,
In mirth's unthinking hour,
It bids my trembling heart rejoice
And own her sovereign power.
Music has not a note that stirs
My pulses like one word of hers.

I hear her footstep's airy sound,
And all things change their hue,
The earth is an enchanted ground,
The sky a softer blue.
In flow'rs that bloom, and stars that shine,
Her sweet, bright face smiles into mine.

The soft blaze of her glorious eyes
Oft makes my own grow blind:
Upon her pure, white forehead lies
The impress of her mind;—
Those gentle eyes, that brow of snow
Gleamed on my vision years ago.

When tired of battling with the care,—
The weary, crushing strife,
Which makes a wreck of all things fair,
A fev'rish dream of life;
I listen to those thrilling lays
Which tell of future happier days.

And when proud passions, fierce and high,
Rise in my troubled breast,
I long at her dear feet to lie,
And ask the boon of rest;
For she can still the tumult vain
Which oft disquiets heart and brain.

DREAMING OF HOME.

I HEAR thee murm'ring in thy sleep,
O, best beloved of early days;—
What mean those wild, warm tears I weep
When on thy slumb'ring form I gaze?
Wert thou not speaking, faint and low,
Of lands far o'er the ocean's foam,
The cherished scenes of long ago,
My sister! didst thou dream of home?

Thou dost not answer, weary one,
Thy thoughts are far among the hills,
Where brightly this cold morn the sun
Looks down upon a thousand rills.
And in thy dream, so wildly sweet,
Thou seest the swift deer lightly pass,
Whilst thou art standing with thy feet
Deep down amid the long cool grass.

I hear each old, familiar name,
O'er thy dear lips in music move;
Our mem'ries, sister, are the same,
And thou art all I have to love.
"Home! home!" sweet one! would I could go
With thee unto that far-off shore,
Where all that here we feel and know
Like some unhappy dream is o'er!

FAMELESS HEROES.

A SONG for the noble dead
Who left behind no name,
Who toiled and bravely bled,
Their worth unknown to Fame!

For the soldier laid to rest
In earth his blood had bought,
By those who loved him best
His nameless grave unsought.

For the sailor gone to sleep
In Ocean's sparry caves,
Where wild winds o'er him sweep
And sea-weed sadly waves.

For the exile forced to leave
His home, his native streams;
For the lone ones left to grieve,
Who saw him but in dreams.

For all those, whate'er their land,
Whate'er their creed or tongue,
Shall rise an anthem grand
By a million voices sung!

WE KNELT IN THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

We knelt in the old Cathedral
And down from the altar dim
Fell the pictured smiles of angels,
The Seraph and Cherubim.

The shadows of eve were round us,
The light came cold and gray
From the high and stately window
Which looked to the West away.

But, methought, a sunbeam straying,
Stole down through the silence there,
And rested like a blessing
On the pale gold of thy hair.

And, methought, the meek Madonna,
With the Christ-child on her knee,
The dream of some trancéd painter,
Looked lovingly down on thee.

Then, the cadence of the singers,
And the organ's mellow tone,
Thrilled a thousand rev'rent bosoms,
Yet we seemed to kneel alone,

But when, as lost in distance,
The soft sounds slowly died,
I knew there were others round me,
Though thou wert by my side.

I thought not in that moment
Of bliss, which was surely mine,
That for thee was another temple,
Another faith and shrine.

But I thought, as we rose together,
And passed through the open door,
Into the clear, tranquil moonlight,
"We are friends for evermore!"

"Her heart has throbbed to the rhythm
Which mine learnt long ago;—
She has heard the songs of the angels
In the anthem's peal and flow!"

Then, I looked 'neath thy lifted eyelids,
But a dreamy gaze was there;
For thy soul at the shrine of music
Was kneeling with mine in prayer.

TO MY BROTHER.

THE sound of thy dear name but brings
To me a painful start,
It bids all bright and blithesome things
From my sad eyes depart,
And Poesie with folded wings,
Lies voiceless at my heart.

Oft, as I pass thro' life's strange ways,
With no kind hand to guide,
I think of all those early days
When thou wert by my side,
And thy low tones of earnest praise
That never were denied.

Thro' thoughtless throngs my pathway lies
Where countless follies shine :—
There, if one human heart replies
To the deep thoughts of mine,
I turn to meet approving eyes,—
Alas, those are not thine !

LITTLE SUSAN.

Little Susan ! little Susan !
With the ringlets, long and bright,
Tell us on what thou art musing,
By the waning, red fire-light.
Art thou thinking, little Susan,
Of the joys in store for thee ?
"No, this wild, dark night I'm musing
On the wrecking ships at sea."

So she sits in silence, watching
On the polished oaken wall;
How the flick'ring gleams are matching
With the fire-light's rise and fall.
Tell us, darling little Susan,
What thy earnest thoughts may be ?
Still she answers, "I am musing
On the wrecking ships at sea."

Brightly now the hearth is gleaming,
And the ruddy flames leap higher;
While lost in its listless dreaming
Droops the bright head by the fire.
E'en in sleep, her thoughts adoring
One who hath said, "Ask of me,"
Was that sweet voice heard imploring
For the sailors on the sea.

AUTUMN.

THE fading wreck of the Summer's pride
'Neath the north-wind's breath has grown pale and died;
The flowers have gone from the hill and dell—
The sweet wild-flowers that we loved so well;
They shall bloom no more, they shall bloom no more,
Till the Spring peeps out from the forest hoar.

There are boding sounds in the moaning air,
Like some lost one's cry in his dark despair;
There are wailings of death in the forest-boughs,
There are chaplets torn from the storm-king's brows;
All spirits that dwell in the wilderness
Have a voice and a part in this wild distress.

The white feet of Autumn have touched our strand,
She has blighted the blossoms of many a land;
She has trampled and crushed down the rich grape-vine
Till it poured forth its blood in the crimson wine;
But little recks she of the gushing tide,
Or her sweeping robes in the red flood dyed.

It is Autumn who wanders o'er hill and dale,
It is Autumn replies to the sighing gale;
It is Autumn who spreads for the gentle flowers
A withered couch in her silent bowers:
She takes from us all that is bright and gay,
Shall we welcome her coming, or mourn her stay?

THE REQUEST.

TIME! thou canst blanch the rosiest cheek
And dim the brightest eye,
Charms that so many prize and seek—
How swiftly do they fly!
Youth, beauty, live but for an hour—
A transient day at best—
When blight hath breath'd upon the flow'r,
And sorrow on the breast.

Old Time, I do not ask of thee
To stay thy fleeting years,
Such change would not be wrought for me,
A thing of smiles and tears!
I ask thee not to leave no trace,
No shadow on my brow;
But "spare whate'er of mental grace"
Thou findest on it now.

The pure, high faith, the earnest truth,
  Which gild life's dawning day,
If such may cheer my hours of youth
  Still would I have them stay;
The simple, child-like spirit meek,
  The calm trust born of peace,
Take what thou canst from brow and cheek
  So thou hast left me these!

CÆSAR CROSSING THE RUBICON.

He paused—the conqu'ror in his pride—
  He gazed upon the flood;
He saw it flowed not far or wide,
  Yet still uncertain stood.
Brave legions waited on his word—
  He heard a stern voice say,
"Who dare the sacred river ford
  Shall dearly rue the day."

The waters still rolled darkly on,
  They broke upon the shore—
Waves! ye were mighty to daunt one
  Who never paused before!
Who to proud deeds of conquest woke
  His men at Valour's call
And laid 'neath his unyielding yoke,
  The Briton and the Gaul.

'Twas but a moment mused he—then
He gave his steed the rein,
And turned unto his valiant men—
A hero, born again!
Clear rang his voice in tones of pride,
Like the war-clarion's blast,
As plunging in the seething tide
He cried, "The die is cast."

THE CONVICT TO HIS SISTER.

SISTER! long years have come and gone
Since last I left thy side,
And fast those years have borne me on
Adown life's rapid tide,
Yet the fond mem'ry of thy love,
My wayward youth that blest,
The wreck of shattered hopes above,
Lives in this lonely breast.

Sister! how sweet it is to think
One bears that name for me,
Although I feel that thou wouldst shrink
Knew'st thou my misery;
See me in sorrow, sin and shame,
To lost affection dead;
Yet still, methinks, thou wouldst not blame,
But comfort me instead.

Sister! in boyhood's vanished hour,
My temper wild and high
Bade stern defiance to thy pow'r
And cast it lightly by;
Yet 'tis a mournful joy to know
That, though I gave thee pain,
I may not wring with wordless woe
Thy gentle heart again.

Sister! stern, stern and cold my heart
Has been, and still must be,
Save when, like some rock riv'n apart,
It pours out tears for thee.
My spirit still must bear this load,
My limbs this weary chain,
And I must tread Fate's rugged road
Till we both meet again.

Yes, till we meet, but oh, not here,
Though sweet it were to go
To thee, e'en with those brands that sear
My guilty, burning brow.
And, though I often think 'twere sweet
To see thee ere I die,
Degraded manhood dares not meet
The glance of thy pure eye.

And yet 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange,
Whene'er I breathe thy name,
I know thy fond heart cannot change,
That thou art still the same.
A hope will dawn when darkness low'rs,
That I may pass from pain,
And in a world remote from ours
Behold thy face again.

DEATH OF KING ROBERT THE BRUCE.

SILENCE was in the stately room,
Where with fast-failing breath,
Undaunted in that hour of gloom,
The hero fought with death.

Swift-thronging came around his bed,
The phantoms of the past;
They could not fill his soul with dread,
'Twas fearless to the last.

But lo! the victor lays his hand
Upon that high cold brow;
The BRUCE may not the touch withstand
To which all living bow.

Oh, fearful is it to contend
Against felt, unseen foe;
Yet, mightiest ones of earth must bend
To one dark archer's bow.

Though broken lay the monarch's frame,
Unquailing shone his eye,
Its clear, bright light was still the same
As in the days gone by.

And still unchilled by dire despair,
Within that bosom true
The Scottish heart beat on to dare,
To purpose and to do.

Noble and glorious shone he forth,
As in the trying hour
When he had humbled to the earth
The Southron's vaunted pow'r.

Then passed before his mental eye
Proud EDWARD'S haughty train,
As they in pomp had once swept by,
Ere numbered with the slain.

Their gleaming helmets, flashing bright,
Glowed o'er each martial brow,
That ere the morrow's dawning light
Should be down-trodden low.

It was not strange his thoughts should turn
To all those deeds sublime,
Which link with that of Bannockburn,
His deathless name through time.

Upstarting, as if from a trance,
He raised his dying head,
And saw his nobles, at a glance,
Standing around his bed.

Then charged he them to faithful be
Unto his princely heir,
That he who had set Scotland free
Might still their glory share.

Whilst tenderly he spoke the name
Of one loved more than all;
'Twas well he knew not of the blame
Which yet should on it fall.

For death, who on fond hopes doth rest
His ruthless, crushing heel,
Hath taught full many a sterner breast
Than his, to bleed and feel.

"Approach, Lord DOUGLAS," cried he then,
As 'mongst his barons bold,
He saw one of his chosen men,
As true and tried as gold.

"'Tis well;" he said, "thou bravest knight
Of all this courtly throng;
Well hast thou battled for the right,
And nobly quelled the wrong.

"When dust hath been returned to dust,
And all that once was mine
Is yielded to earth's guardian trust,
This fearless heart enshrine.

"Bear it to Palestine away,
For I have made a vow,
To visit that loved land and lay,
The unbeliever low."

"It shall be so, mine own liege lord,"
The chief said with a sigh,
"And on my knightly faith and word,
King ROBERT may rely."

The monarch on his pillow lay,
But yet, ere all was o'er
In death and night, from life and day,
Saw he not one scene more?

The battle-field, uptorn with strife—
The DOUGLAS, raising high
That kingly heart bereft of life—
Then rushing on to die.

Oh, if across his vision came
That scene, with parting breath,
Was it not more than earthly fame,
Or triumphing o'er death?

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

"Two of us picked up a man in our arms to carry him off the field. A shell had struck him in the mouth, leaving an awful wound, which was bleeding profusely. I offered the poor fellow a drink from my canteen. One would not have guessed, in looking at him, that he would have thoughts beyond his wound at the time. The first sensation after a wound is well known to be of intense thirst, yet the soldier refused the proffered draught. I asked him why. 'My mouth is all bloody, sir, and it would make the canteen bad for the others.' He was 'only a private,' rough and dusty with the battle, but the answer was one which PHILIP SYDNEY, or the Chevalier BAYARD, 'sans peur et reproche,' had not equalled when they gave utterance to the words which have made their fames immortal."

UPON the field they found him lying
Wounded, exhausted, slowly dying,
A wreck of manhood thrown aside,
By that red day's receding tide.

The fever in his pulses leaping,
Caused by that deep wound's crimson weeping:
Might not such pain make all else dim,
As a distressful dream to him?

But no! his heart was ever turning
With silent, yet with ceaseless yearning,
To those who by his side had fought,
Who shared in each unselfish thought.

Then those who lifted him so gently,
And scanned that suffering face intently,
Proffered a comrade's gen'rous aid
Unto his wild thirst unallayed.

Methinks, a strange and sudden glory
Shone round that poor mouth parched and gory,
As, mindful of his wound's dark tide,
The noble soldier thus replied:

"I might destroy it for the others."
He thought then of his suffering brothers,
And yet, perhaps, that draught brought light
To eyes less feverishly bright.

Ah me, the story is so tristful,
The simple words so sad and wistful,
I fain would place his unknown name
With BAYARD'S and with SYDNEY'S fame.

AURORA.

HER presence banishes all grief,
Her soft hand dries each tear,
And sorrow finds a blest relief,
When she is standing near.

Her smiles, like beams of morning, break,
On all dark objects round;
Her voice, like strains o'er some still lake,
Bears rapture in its sound.

Her light, elastic tread scarce stirs
The breezy thistle-down;
And flow'rs, her silent worshippers,
Cast at her feet a crown.

The very winds hold in their breath,
And stop their gleesome play,
Charmed into stillnes, deep as death
By her entrancing lay.

And at the feast and in the dance
Proud hearts beat quick and high,
To revel in a passing glance
From her dark, glorious eye.

All, all forget, that round her throng,
She is of lowly race
Who moves their jewelled train among
With almost regal grace.

The pearly wreath on her white brow
Weighs, ah! so wearily;
What are these glories to her now?
She is no longer free.

When 'midst the noisy scenes of mirth,
Beneath some lofty dome;
She pines for the old cheerful hearth,
And pleasant sounds of home.

She pines for each familiar scene
Which once her young life knew,—
The grassy lawn, the woodland green,
Where friends and hopes were true.

She looks on birds with plumage bright,
Brought from the Indian Isles;
Where airs are balm, skies full of light,
And summer ever smiles.

'Tis then she thinks of that plain bird,
She hears not ever more,
Whose matin songs were often heard
Before the cottage door.

Beneath the cypress' solemn gloom,
Serene and purely white,
She seems to see her sister's tomb
Gleam with a softened light.

And further on her father sleeps,
The yew's shade on his brow;
Oh, who Affection's vigil keeps
O'er his still ashes now?

Her brothers three, her fond heart's pride,
Alas, where now are they?
One sleeps beneath the rushing tide
Of Ocean far away.

Another, in that city proud
Which rises o'er the sea,
Found Fame's reward—a name, a shroud,
A prisoned soul set free.

And yet another, where tall palms
Shade India's burning land,
Brought to a tropic isle of balms
Salvation in his hand.

To tend his Master's scattered flocks
He left the peaceful fold,
Ere graver years among his locks,
Had dimmed one thread of gold.

But sickness like a simoom swept
O'er him, and bade him go;
And nature's untaught children wept
To see that head laid low.

But she, the star-light of that cot,
Where life's best days went by,
She had by far the bitt'rest lot,
O'er those past days to sigh.

In gilded halls she strives awhile
To banish Mem'ry's pain,
And meets full many a rosy smile,
From Pleasure's lips again.

But, turning coldly from all these,
To her 'tis sweeter far
To hold communion with the breeze,
With flower, and leaf, and star.

Within the blossom Spring-time sends
  She views a beauteous soul,
That from the dark mould upward tends,
  And spurns its vile control.

The leaf which Autumn's breath has tost,
  To earth, though withering,
Seems not to her as though 'twere lost,
  A faded, worthless thing.

For hath she not full often heard,
  Of Him who rules alway,
Who can, by His one potent word,
  Bring beauty from decay.

The tiniest star that gems the space
  Where heaven's blue confines reach,
Bears mystic words upon its face,
  To her as clear as speech.

High words of strong, heroic trust
  Upon its front shine fair;
Words that raise Sorrow from the dust,
  And win a smile from Care.

Aurora! earth has griefs enough,
  False hopes beguile and cheat,
Life's hill is steep, its paths are rough,
  And thine are tender feet.

To thee is giv'n the fearful power
To sway all hearts at will;
Thine also be the lowlier dower
To suffer and be still.

THE MOTHER OF CORIOLANUS.

My son! my son! and must I hail
As such my country's foe?
May not a mother's prayers avail
In this dread hour of woe?
I who have watched thy infant bed
Till the last star grew dim,
And sung above thy pillowed head,
Full many a glorious hymn,
Of deeds by god-like heroes done,—
Dost thou reward me thus, my son?

With sight of thee there comes a flood
Of thoughts of brighter years,
Before thy high patrician blood
Had wakened hopes and fears.
And when unarmed, except with truth,
I saw thee proudly stand
Among the stately Roman youth,
The noblest of our land,—
I never thought thy worshipped name,
Should coupled be with sin and shame.

Canst thou assail thy cherished home,
Attack those sacred walls,
Raze to the earth each lordly dome,
And thy ancestral halls?
If thou must war, stern as thou art,
Oh, let it not be here,—
And stain not with this crime a heart
That never bowed to fear.
Thou wav'st me mournfully away;—
Alas that I should see this day!

If thou art not thus to be moved
By Rome's appeal or mine,
Tears that fill eyes far better loved,—
Oh, can they soften thine?
There is but weeping round the hearth,
Where once were heard rejoice
Thy children's careless tones of mirth,
Thy gentle consort's voice.
Had I not found a son in thee,
My father's land—Rome had been free!

ON A STAR-LIT NIGHT.

Oh, shining hosts, that through the skies
In radiant splendour roll,
Ye pierce with all your myriad eyes
The still depths of my soul!

What read ye there? An earnest will
To think and act aright—
Life's common duties to fufil,
In gloom as well as light.

Ye see the trace of passions high,
That firm will must restrain,
Of feeling far too strong to die,
A source of endless pain.

Ye see the bleeding wounds revealed,
Which unkind words have made,
Ye read of silent grief concealed
Of trusting hopes betrayed,—

Of hope which hung on fleeting breath—
Hope caught from eyes now dim—
That wrestled with the spoiler Death,
And fearless smiled on him.

Bright, searching orbs! my spirit knows
'Twere vain to brood o'er this;
There is no pang of human woes
Unrecompensed by bliss.

And as ye shed your silv'ry light
Upon my tranquil brow,
I stand, inspired in this calm night,
With nobler purpose now.

With patience sent to bear each ill,
To wait for gladsome morn,
With an undaunted, steadfast will,
Of faith and trial born.

THE EVE OF PARTING.

A SHADOW comes across my heart,
A shade of nameless woe,
And now I feel that we must part,
And that thou too must go
Once more, once more from me away,
Companion of my childhood's day.

The brief communion was too bright
Held 'twixt thy soul and mine,
'Twas mingled with a deep delight
Too rapturous and divine ;
It made the chords of feeling thrill
Too wildly—shall they e'er be still ?

To-night, 'tis mine to sit and gaze
Upon that earnest face,
And mark the dreams of other days
Shine in its thoughtful grace ;
To-morrow I shall sit as now,
But lonely, asking: "Where art thou ?"

To-morrow I may seek for thee
In each familar spot;
To-morrow thou may'st call for me,
And I shall hear thee not,
Alas! each well remembered place
Shall of thy presence hold no trace.

And thou—oh wilt thou sometimes give
A passing thought to one
Who would within thy mem'ry live
Long after thou hast gone?
Wilt thou be faithful to the end,
Wilt thou remember me, my friend?

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

THOU doest all things well,
Father, whate'er thy gracious will may be,
Subdued we bow to thy Divine decree;
When tears of anguish swell
From founts long sealed, or when joy rules the hour,
We own thy goodness and we praise thy pow'r.

The sky is dark with clouds,
The sorrowing wind is like a mourner's sigh—
The rose is drooping, yet it doth not die—
Deep gloom thy children shrouds,
They cry aloud to Thee with words of song,
Their faith is faint, but Thou canst make it strong.

The tinkling rain descends,
It maketh green the new-awak'ning earth,
Expanding bud and bursting leaf have birth;
Each contrite spirit bends
To Thee, O Lord,—we own thy bounteous pow'r,
Displayed in dew withheld or fresh'ning shower.

In time of drought we went
To quench our thirst at broken cisterns,—lo!
They were all dried—we knew not whence to go,
Till Thou Thy grace hadst sent,
And with the draught a sweet voice came to tell
That our kind Father doeth all things well.

TEARS.

TEARS are but drops from the full heart's o'erflowing,
That gush unbidden into patient eyes,
And seek the sunlight as morn's vapours rise,
They keep the meekest flow'rs of pity growing,
And smile on all from rainbows in the skies.
Oh, wounded spirit! wrestling with thine anguish,
Be strong; look up with the calm eye of Faith,
Though earth seems drear, and all thy fond hopes languish,
Thou yet wilt rise triumphant over death,
Wilt rise unharmed from the world's censuring breath,
And, in the sunshine of a newer world,
Wilt stand with Hope's white banner closely furl'd,
And see, no longer tried by doubts and fears,
The bow of Peace made radiant by thy tears.

THE WANDERER'S FAREWELL TO HOME.

THE breeze is sweet with breath of blooms,
No foot-fall treads the silent rooms,
The shadows sleep upon the floor,
The roses cluster round the door,
But this is not the home of yore,
I must away—'tis mine no more.

The lattice with vine leaves o'erhung
At which my bright-haired sisters sung,
The porch where oft at eve we met
With joy unshadowed by regret,
These, these, I see, I may not stay,
I must flee hence—away, away.

Changed, fled, is what could once enthrall;
I am the saddest changed of all;—
Each fair face gone, hushed each sweet tone,
What am I doing here alone?
"Alone!" was that a voice replied
To mine? no, 'twas the night-wind sighed.

No stranger's foot profanes those halls,
No lamp-light flickers on those walls,
The oaken casements do not gleam
'Neath aught, except the pale moonbeam,
Which shineth calmly, sadly now
Upon the wand'rer's upturned brow.

'Twas here my evening prayers were said,
'Twas here I leaned my weary head,
'Twas here with reverent heart I heard
Truths uttered from God's Holy Word.
The lips are dust from which they fell,
Old Home, forevermore farewell!

MINISTERING ANGELS.

THEY pass through life unheeded,
Formed to relieve and bless,
They give their aid when needed,
Unasked, with cheerfulness.
The soul of truth and feeling
Shines in their deeds, revealing
Deep founts of tenderness;
And yet no answering word or tone
Cheers them and says "It is well done."

They reconcile the parted,
They fan the brow of pain,
And bid the broken-hearted
Look up and hope again.
The touch of their soft fingers
In grateful mem'ry lingers;—
Forgetfulness were vain;
Blest wand'rers from another sphere,
Those beings bright are exiled here.

In mercy and in meekness
Earth's guilty ones they seek,
And tears, but not of weakness,
Bedew each gentle cheek.
Pity's kind drops they borrow
To heal the wounds of sorrow;
And o'er life's pathway bleak
They lead souls to a land of day,
Where all are good and blest as they.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

SHE stood before her warlike sire,
So wan, so pale, so fair,
He turned away his glance of fire—
He could not rest it there.
No sound escaped from her sealed lips,
No bursting sob gave way,
To tell of how in dark eclipse
That once bright spirit lay.

And wildly thought the father then
On all that he had done,—
He saw the corses of his men
Lie 'neath the burning sun;
He saw the foe triumphant come
And thought on that rash vow
Which wrapt in fearful gloom his home,
And made his spirit bow.

Yet, what of this !—in youth's fair time,
The victim passed from earth,
Ere she had reached her glorious prime
Or proved her gentle worth,
Awhile o'er vanished truth and bloom
Mourned her companions gay,
Then passed the mem'ry of her doom
From their glad hearts away.

And 'mongst the bright and blooming train
That trod the sprightly dance,
Her sire looked for one form in vain,
And missed one sparkling glance.
When laughter rang, and sweet sounds stirred
Thoughts wont to be too sad,
One voice of music was unheard
That erst had made him glad.

SPRINGTIDE ASPIRATIONS.

"Now surely, thought I, there's enow
To fill life's dusty way;
And who will miss a poet's feet,
Or wonder where they stray?"—KIRKE WHITE.

FAREWELL to all the glittering things
That hold me captive here;
Arise, bound spirit, spread thy wings,
And cast away each fear;
Now morning flings her golden beams
Across the orient gate;
Alas ! that earth's false, fleeting dreams
Have power to bid me wait.

Why should they bind the restless soul,
Yearning for purer day;—
What give they for Heav'n's glorious goal
Save sorrow and decay?
Some cherished friends, the tried, the true,
To that bright home have gone,
Here would I linger for the few,
Who, living, still love on.

The broad, green meadows where I strayed
In summertides of old,
The forest trees 'neath which I played
Are touched with streaming gold.
Oh, wildly sweet from every bough
Sing birds I once loved best,
I heed not their glad voices now,
They do not sing of rest.

The spring is here with warming glow,
With flowers and budding trees,
The wind's soft sigh, the stream's bright flow,
I cannot part with these;
Hence! scenes of former joy and mirth,
Ye tempt my soul to stay;
Hence! all ye lovely things of earth,
Ye bar my upward way!

FATHER'S COMING HOME.

THE children look out through the pane,
Across the barren moor,
Loud moans the dreary, chilling rain,
The wind sweeps by the door;
It is a dark and stormy night,
Yet Father sure will come,
For dearly does he love the light
Which gilds his humble home.

Now laughing Frank and Lily look
With bright eyes for their sire,
And studious Mary quits her book
And low seat by the fire.
A well-known step is heard without,
The door is opened wide,
The children with a happy shout
Run to their Father's side.

But, oh, what further need to paint
A pleasant scene like this,
Sad hearts would only sigh and faint
For their accustomed bliss.
Alas, for those unto whose door
One step may never come,
Alas, for those who may no more
Hail Father coming home.

FAREWELL.

" I NEVER spoke the word ' farewell,'
  But with an utt'rance faint and broken,
A heart sick yearning for the time
  When it should never more be spoken."

Farewell ! how mournfully and clear,
  The parting knell is slowly ringing,
While Hope lists with unheeding ear,
  Though fainter sounds her own sweet singing.

Farewell! it speaks of joys long dead—
  Too falsely fair, too brightly fleeting,
Of many a tear in absence shed
  That turned to sunlit smiles on meeting.

Farewell ! the boding sound is heard
  In lowly cot and halls of pleasure ;
What untold woe lurks in that word,
  The death knell of all things we treasure !

Though mountains rise, and oceans swell,
  The parted ones on earth to sever ;
Oh, may we meet again and dwell
  Where farewells shall be spoken never.

THE DYING CHILD.

MOTHER! come nearer yet.
The way is dark—give me thy faithful hand,
And say thou'lt not forget
When I have left thee for the Better Land.

Mother! thou wilt not chide,
Ah no, not chiding is that tender tone;—
Thou ever wert my guide,
Now leave me not in this dark path alone.

Father! I cannot hear
Thy broken words, but I know thou dost bless
Thy child; oh, that mine ear
Could catch the accents of thy deep distress.

Brother! our play is o'er,
By fount and stream, by lawn and shaded nook,
We shall sport nevermore
On the smooth margin of the little brook.

Sister! one parting kiss,
One from thy gentle lips before I go,
Sweet sister! wilt thou miss
Thine elder brother who has loved thee so.

Dear ones ! come round my bed,
I know by your still, solemn air ye pray,
Mother ! lift up my head,
On thy fond bosom would I pass away !

FORBEARANCE.

"If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each one's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all our hostility."

If we but knew the ceaseless griefs,
The voiceless, unshared woes,
That to the brim the chalice fill
Of those we deem our foes—
Did we but know the dark remorse
The still yet deep despair
They feel—oh, could we *then* refuse
To pity and forbear ?

Their unkind words may linger long
With power to crush and pain ;
Yet conscious worth asserts its right,
And enmity in vain
May seek life's victory to win,
And wrest its trophies fair ;
Then is it not our noblest part
To pity and forbear ?

MUSIC AND POESY.

SWEET singers of the Heav'nly choir,
Rapt priestesses of song,
To you the Seraph's thrilling lyre
And melting strains belong!

What is the spell, the magic spell,
Which ye round fancy weave?
By which ye make proud Passion well
To triumph or to grieve?

E'en at the feast the bugle calls,
The deep-resounding drum
Summons from princely courts and halls
Armed warriors to come.

Above the fallen hero floats
Sweet sound upborne on high,
It breathes the same wild thrilling notes
Which called him forth to die.

Music! thou rulest many a heart
With an unbounded sway;
Oh, be not thine the syren's part,
To sing and yet betray!

Sweet Poesy! inspired of Heaven,
Muse of the varied strain!
Why art thou thus to mortals given,
A gift allied to pain?

Be thine to raise the drooping one
With mercy's tender tone,
And make each woe that weighs upon
The suffering soul thine own.

Still go ye both, clasped hand in hand,
Through this dark world of ours,
With Faith and Hope, a blessed band,
And change its thorns to flow'rs!

ESTELLA.

Her eye was like the star of eve,
Her low voice like the summer wind;
It seemed strange Spring should pass and leave
That gentle one behind.

For, ever from her infant hours,
When 'mong the garden blooms she'd play,
She said: "When fade the early flow'rs,
I too shall pass away."

But many a time the orchards smiled,
And many a time the trees grew white,
Before that sweetly-pensive child
Went from her kindred's sight.

And many a time the vi'let wept
Unheeded, its soft tears of dew,
Ere she her dreamless slumber slept,
Beneath the church-yard yew.

All through the Spring-time's changeful hours
She listened for the angels' call,
But when bright Summer came with flow'rs,
She did not list at all.

When Autumn came with yellow sheaves,
And hazel clusters ripe and brown,
Her steps fell light among the leaves,
The sere leaves falling down.

When with the care affection lends,
She saw loved eyes with tear-drops wet,
She smiled and said: "Weep not, sweet friends,
I shall not leave you yet."

But each returning Spring-time brought
The shadow to her heart and brow,
And each time half rebellious thought
Said "Oh not now, not now."

Too pow'rful in that quiet breast
The clinging love of life had grown,
Till it awoke a wild unrest,
Before to her unknown.

At length the messenger of death
Sought out that being frail and meek,
And blighted with his icy breath
The roses of her cheek.

They took her to another land,
Where scented zephyrs softly blow,
Where orange trees in beauty stand,
Crowned with their wreaths of snow.

She trod full many a stately hall,
And gazed on wondrous works of art,
And suddenly she heard a call,—
A solemn call—"Depart!"

Then o'er the brightly glancing foam,
That shone on each upcurling wave,
At last she reached her far-off home
And her untimely grave.

Ere three Spring days had swiftly gone,
They laid that weary form to rest,
Clad in her floating robes, with one
Pale snowdrop on her breast.

And friends were powerless to save,
'That beauteous being from decay,
The gentlest life heav'n ever gave,
Or ever took away.

SUNLIGHT.

It pierces thickest shadows,
This blessing from the skies;
On broad, green, rolling meadows
How peacefully it lies!

It wraps the hoary mountains
Within its radiant fold;
It gilds the crystal fountains,
And turns their spray to gold.

The flow'rs in sunny places
Look smiling o'er the land,
And lift up their bright faces,
A beauteous maiden band.

The mazy streamlet flowing
Through many winding ways,
Bears on its bosom flowing
A thousand sparkling rays.

Like rich wine from a chalice,
The glorious sunlight falls,
Lighting the monarch's palace,
The noble's courtly hall.

Its beams, so light and golden,
Gild lowly cottage eaves,
The gables, quaint and olden,
Its tenderest touch receives.

In grandeur lone decaying,
Each stately ruined pile,
The sunlight's airy playing
Makes sorrowfully smile.

On the gray turrets breathing,
It causes forth to spring,
In wild fantastic wreathing
Each clinging verdant thing.

With laughing eye it glances
Into the forest shades;
Then, fairy-like, it dances
Adown the leafy glades.

Some sing its lofty praises
As Innocence 'midst ill,
Treading the darkest mazes,
But bright and changeless still.

Should not we call it, rather,
A messenger of love,
Sent by our Heavenly Father
To lead our hearts above?

SAY NOT THAT FRIENDSHIP DIES.

SAY not that Friendship dies
When health and bloom decay;
That friends we dearly prize
Inconstant prove as they.
Be faithful to the few
Who are to thee allied,
And if some prove untrue
Mistrust not all beside.

Say not that Friendship dies
When wealth has taken wing,
And cold, averted eyes
Tears to thine own doth bring.
Why should'st thou grieve about
What thou hast ne'er possessed;
And for some false friends doubt
The truth of all the rest.

THE COTTAGE AND THE CASTLE.

THE stars sweep through the realm of space,
They glance athwart the sky,
The pallid moon with unveiled face,
Glides calmly, slowly by.

Our cottage home, down in the glade,
With low walls gleaming white,
Nestles amid the elm-tree's shade,
Like some poor dove, to-night.

The scented breath of wild rose-blooms
Comes through the open door;
Through latticed panes the viney glooms,
Fall on the milk-white floor.

Peace fleeth hither from Distress,
No longer need she roam;
For she, with bright-eyed Happiness,
Hath found, at last, a home.

Afar, amid the high, old hills,
Past yon dark grove of pines,
Sing out a thousand little rills
On which the moon-beam shines,

And far beyond the hills and grove,
A stately castle stands,
With those same tranquil skies above,
And round it broad, fair lands.

There high-born dames and belted knights
In old baronial hall,
Meet blithely, 'neath the dazzling lights,
At Pleasure's syren call.

They pass the hours with mirth and song,
With dance, and jest, and wine ;—
Pleasure ! they unto thee belong,
Peace only is not thine.

Happier are the contented breasts,
Our lowly hearth beside,
Than hearts that beat 'neath jewelled vests,
With restless throbs of pride.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

UNHERALDED with trumpet sound,
Or roll of martial drum,
Within the midnight gloom, profound,
Did the Messiah come.

The Prince of David's royal line,
The greatest though the least,—
Soon as his birth-star rose to shine
A welcome in the East.

The shepherds guarded their white flocks,
On Judah's hills that night,
When suddenly the vales and rocks
Were flooded o'er with light.

While marvellings at this strange thing,
Their simple minds employ,
An angel came and said: "I bring
Good tiding of great joy.

"In Bethlehem to you is born
The Saviour of mankind!"
The shepherds rose, ere broke the morn,
And left their flocks behind.

And from the Orient sages came,
With learning's laurelled crown,
At Jesus' feet to lay their fame
And royal honors down.

And asked "Where doth the King abide,
The Victor, Prophet, Priest;
For we, e'en we, have just espied
His birth-star in the East?"

Then followed they, with rev'rence mild,
Their starry guide so fair,
Until it led them where the child
And his meek mother were.

And thus was He, the Lord of Life,
To this dark world made known;
No legions led He on to strife,
He ruled by love alone.

Oh, that all kings, like Him of yore,
Would bid contention cease,
And reign as He hath reigned before,
The glorious Prince of Peace!

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

FAREWELL, oh, gallant bark, farewell to thee!
For thou art bound unto a distant shore,
Spread thy white wings:—fresh blows the wind from sea,
Speed on with thy rich freight of precious ore.
The waves of time are breaking wild and free,
Oh, pilgrim bark, none may see thee more,
And many weary hearts may vainly yearn
For their lost treasures;—thou wilt ne'er return.

What bearest thou? The sunny hopes of youth,
The calmer joys of manhood and of age,
The tear of sympathy, the smile of truth,
And one bright fragment from life's else dark page,
Blest deeds of mercy and of pitying ruth,
And gentle counsellings, and maxims sage,
Friendship's kind words,—oh, treasured more than all—
And Duty's sterner tones, and Pleasure's call.

All the young spirit's yet unconquered pride,
All its ambition, fev'rish, wild, and strong,
All its high hopes and aspirations wide,
Its noble aim to combat with the wrong,
All its bright dreams of paths untried,
Wherein life seemeth mirth, and light, and song,
All human hopes and purposes sublime,
Thou bearest o'er the swelling waves of Time.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

I GAZED upon the sister band,
That in the cloudless sky
Held each, with tireless, shining hand,
A silver lamp on high.

The gentle night-breeze sweeping past,
Stirred flower, and leaf, and tree,
Then stooping to my ear, at last,
Told a strange tale to me.

It said that once a beauteous one
Forsook that lovely train,
And left no trace whence it had gone,
And came not back again.

And poets, lost in dreamy thought,
Missed its sweet pensive face;
And mourned that it from us was caught,
Some other sphere to grace.

The night-breeze hastened on—its sigh
  Waked a strange aching pain,
A light had gone from life's fair sky
  That might not come again.

New stars may rise, and shine, and set,
  Upon life's weary scene;
But true hearts never can forget
  What *one* lost star hath been.

THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING-TIME IS COMING.

The beautiful Spring-time is coming!
  The season of rapture and song;
The trees, with their rich load of blossoms,
  Shall whiten the orchards ere long.
The song-birds shall sing in the branches,
  And nestle beneath the broad eaves;
And many a pleasant old farm-house
  Shall soon be embowered 'mong leaves.

The beautiful Spring-time is coming!
  The season of warm, sunny skies,
The season when young flow'rs awaking,
  First open their innocent eyes;
And when they first burst from their prison,
  Aroused from their long winter's sleep,
They seem, tho' oft bent down by rain-drops,
  Too lovely and happy to weep.

Ye bloom in the dreariest places,
  Bright things born of sunshine and show'rs,
Ye spring in our pathways like blessings,
  Oh, beautiful, beautiful flow'rs!
The Spring lifts a chain from the rivers,
  Brings songsters and skies of clear blue,
But earth were half darkened with shadows,
  If once she forgot to bring you!

THE FIREMAN.

A CRY rings out on the midnight air,
  Higher it swells—and higher—and higher—
The moaning cry of a wild despair,
  The fearful, shuddering cry of "Fire!"
Men wake, rush into the lighted street,
  To see the hundreds hurrying by,
Questioning those they chance to meet,
  But few to their eager words reply.

But, ah! no need to ask whence it came,
  Houses are wrapt in the lurid glare,
You could read a book by the ruddy flame,
  While the loud bells ring on the startled air.
Mansion, and cottage, and buttress tall,—
  Ha! at last on the high church spire,
In proud defiance o'ertopping all,
  Waves the red flag of the victor, Fire!

There are half-clad forms, with wind-stirred hair,
Passing you by in the crowded way;
There are faces white with a dumb despair,
You will never forget till your dying day.
There are wailings of anguish, loud and wild,
Drowned in the roar of the raging fire;
The mother calls on her tender child,
The maiden mourns for her grey-haired sire.

But buffeting back, with dauntless breast,
The onward sweep of the glowing wave,
In the red garb of the firemen drest,
The bravest hero, where all are brave,
Plants his foot on the ladder's topmost round,
That leans against a tottering wall,
And he clears the casement at a bound,
While shouts go up from the people all.

Many he saves from their dreadful doom—
Some for pleasure and others for pain—
But, ah!—his childless mother at home—
She will never look on his face again!
Alas for his dazzling dreams of fame—
But joy for the triumph of duteous truth,
Though the mem'ry proud of his spotless name
Is all that is left of the gallant youth!

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth
Above these earth-scenes dim,
I know the gifts my Father giveth
To me are sent through Him.

For me He bore His wounds and scourging,
The world's accusing breath,
Then from the tomb at last emerging,
He saved my soul from death.

When from His prison upward soaring
He took His mystic flight,
All the bright hosts of heav'n adoring,
Grew dim before His light.

Now in the radiant realms of Morning,
On His abiding throne,
He views those whom the cold world's scorning
More closely makes His own.

Where mortal griefs can reach Him never,
He from His throne doth bend,
And wills that we should call Him ever
By the sweet name of Friend.

TO A FRIEND, WITH A PORTRAIT.

If in these faintly pictured lines,
  Delighted, thou canst trace
Resemblance to some trait that shines
  In one remembered face,
Then I will only say to thee:
"Accept this gift, and think of me."

The cold, stern world may chill my heart,—
  Its impulses control—
At best it can but touch a part,
  It cannot claim the whole;
The better feelings none may chain,
Thine, thine, must ever still remain.

Some may prove false whom I deem true
  And league 'gainst me, with wrong,
With sorrow, swiftest to pursue
  The fated child of song.
But may I, with a quiet smile,
Lean fearless on thy truth the while.

If otherwise it be decreed,
  And in life's summer day,
From all its earthly thraldom freed,
  This spirit pass away,
Still Mem'ry, faithful to her trust,
Will speak when I am silent dust.

Oh tried, oh true, oh trusted friend,
Oh loved of vanished years,
Whose fond affection, without end,
The dear past more endears,—
If doubtful of my faith to thee,
Let this mute token plead for me.

THE OLD HOME IN WINTER.

I WENT once more to see mine own old home,
Mine own old home down in the lonesome valley,
No sweet wild flowers smiled to see me come,
No bird-note bid me linger in the alley.
No eager face peered through the window-pane,
An instant doubtful, then bright welcome flashing;—
Wet drops were on my cheeks, cold as the rain
Which ceaseless 'gainst those gray stone walls was dashing.

I reached the garden;—where was the old gate
O'er which the farewell words so oft were spoken
When pleasant friends were wont to linger late?
It lay, half buried in the snow-drifts, broken.
Oft, when a child, have I gazed through its bars,
In the sweet stillness of a Sabbath even,
And watched, with earnest eyes, the timid stars
Peep, one by one, from the blue height of heaven.

Untrodden lay the snow around our door,
Save where, deep-sunken, showed my foot-prints only,
No other foot had been there long before,
I could not bear the sight, it looked so lonely.
Within, no logs blazed on the hearth-stone wide,
No dancing fire-light on a bright group centred;
The winds, in hollow gusts, alone replied
To my unconscious greeting, as I entered.

I passed my hands along the dripping wall,
That once was white as any stainless lily,
'Twas crumbled, moulded and discolored all,
While clammy seemed it to the touch and chilly.
I sank upon the window's broad, low seat,
A heavy groan I vainly strove to smother;
I heard mine own heart in the silence beat,
One quick, loud throb,—another,—and another!

Was this the home of yore which I had sought,
Which I had loved through all those years so purely?
This the fond theme of every wayward thought?
It could not be that blessed dwelling, surely?
I could no more,—but forth I wildly rushed
Into the snow and rain,—my heart was breaking,
To think that I should find that place so hushed,
So desolate, so lonely and forsaken.

PICTURES IN THE CLOUDS.

High, snowy mounts, piled upward
'Gainst the blue heavens' dome,
Where foot of mortal had not trod,
Nor eagle found a home!

Where the chamois hath not dared
To place his hoof so small,
Where the condor ne'er hath perched upon
The crags so white and tall.

On those steep heights a castle
Is rising into view,
With its drawbridge and its turrets
Defined 'gainst heaven's blue.

A band of steel-clad chieftains
Ride forth in feudal state,
And the warder makes obeisance
As they pass the castle gate.

The knights ride slowly onward,
Their lances held in rest,
Their visors down, and the round shields
Guarding each valiant breast.

But soon the proud procession
Fades into misty air,
And the knights, the steeds and the castle
Have vanished—none know where.

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT.

I go from home, I go from love,
I go, my land, from thee,
To isles less green that rise above
The blue breast of the sea.

I go, a new life to begin
Upon those distant strands;
My only wealth and pow'r lie in
True heart and willing hands.

I go to win not gold or fame,
Such hopes lie far behind,
I go not Fortune's smile to claim,
For she is ever blind.

I go to test my arm's young strength,
To till the fruitful soil,
Until, though slowly won, at length
Reward shall crown my toil.

And can it be, when o'er the wave,
From these loved scenes away,
Forgotten shall be that green grave
O'er which I wept to-day?

Will not sad thought, in lonely hours,
When Pleasure yields to Pain,
Make me long much to see thy bow'rs,
My dear old home, again?

And the glad, laughing light of streams,
The glow of starry skies,
Will these not bring remembered gleams
Of my lost NORA'S eyes ?

Love, gentle love, lies cold and dead,
Home—here is none for me ;
But Hope, with sunny wings outspread,
Points smiling o'er the sea !

CONSTANCE.

THE gentle glance of thy dark, earnest eye
Has pow'r the coldest heart to thrill and warm ;
In its clear depths a glorious might doth lie
To soften enmity, and to disarm
Suspicion, prejudice, and that disdain
Which sneers at innocence it cannot stain.

But thou must learn the lesson learnt by all,
And thou must bear the weight by others borne,
On thy life, as on theirs, a shade must fall,
And thou must hear, like them, the words of scorn.
For patience in that trying time, oh, pray,
For surely unto thee must come that day.

Yet thou shalt pass the sweetest hours of joy
Which are allowed to mortals here below ;
Hours which shall compensate for the annoy,
And anguished care such hearts as thine must know.
But when these shall have fled forever past,
One hour shall come, the darkest and the last.

When thou shalt see the death of youthful Hope,
And fold her torn white wings, all wet with show'rs,
And thou shalt pray for her soft eyes to ope,
But plead in vain, 'mid thy life's withered flow'rs,
Amid their wasted fragrance and their bloom
Thy young heart's Hope shall find an early tomb.

But in that darkest hour of deep distress,
When all the trusted friends thy childhood knew
Have left thy side, then, in thy loneliness,
Think of one who was ever kind and true;
Whose fond affection was as still as deep,
Then come, one faithful friend with thee shall weep.

THE GERMAN SISTERS.

Unto our village, years ago,
Two blue-eyed German sisters came,
Of their past hist'ry none could know,
Although they bore a noble name.
We welcomed them to our warm hearth,
And when the winter passed away,
They loved our scenes of household mirth
So dearly that they wished to stay.

The elder was reserved and shy,
She had a proud, patrician grace,
And by her bearing, calm and high,
Seemed conscious of her gentle race.

The other was a lovely girl,
Whose ringlets, with a golden gleam,
Fell round a face pale as a pearl,
And spiritual as a dream.

We loved to hear KATRINA read
Weird poems in her native tongue,
But, O! our souls were stirred indeed
When GERTRUDE for our pleasure sung
The sweet old songs of Fatherland,
Which sounded then so strange and new,
That though we scarce could understand,
We wept for love and pity too.

She pined for home—we knew it well;—
The stranger's kindness could not fill
The void of which she would not tell.
Her broken words of thanks were still
Giv'n unto those beneath whose roof
Her and her sister's orphaned years
Had found a shelter far aloof
From the great world's harsh cares and fears.

Her steps grew feebler when the hours
Of harvest were upon the wane,
She went to slumber with the flow'rs,
But not to wake with them again.
Yet ere her bright young head was laid
Beneath Heav'n's blessed light and dew,
She spoke of home, her sister said,
Of the old home that once she knew.

To the far land she loved the best
KATRINA went across the wave,
Her grieving spirit could not rest
In sight of her lost sister's grave.
But yearly on that quiet spot
We plant strange flow'rs sent o'er the foam,
And find a solace in the thought
That she would prize those gifts from home.

HOW OFT AT EV'NING'S SILENT HOUR.

How oft at ev'ning's silent hour
I sit and think of thee,
When golden slanting sunbeams show'r
Their light on hill and lea.
I watch the village windows blaze
With daylight's parting ray,
Then to the West I turn my gaze,
For thou art far away.

And far away—ah, very far!
Those days departed lie,
When we both watched the evening star
Float up the tranquil sky,—
When we both wandered by the brook,
At close of summer day,
And with a lute, or song, or book
Passed happy hours away.

Perchance no thoughts like these e'er come,
To haunt thy waking dreams,
Perchance thine is a quiet home,
Begirt by silver streams,—
Perchance thou wouldst not even cast
One thought on days gone by;
But those bright mem'ries of the past
With me can never die.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

No darkness broods above its hills
No night-birds haunt its bow'rs,
No shading clouds pass o'er its rills,
No blight breathes on its flow'rs;
Death ne'er invades that tranquil sphere,
Nor fade all lovely things as here.

Fairer than earth's most 'witching scene,
Which must be marred by shade,
Its plains lie steeped in purer sheen
Than starlight ever made;
Sun, moon nor stars exert their sway
There, for 'tis one eternal day.

A white-robed train, a countless host,
Dwell on that happy shore,
The dear forms of the loved and lost
Who have gone on before;
They beckon with their shining hands
For us to join their angel bands.

Here we bow 'neath the winter storm,
The rain, the tempest blast,
That far-off land is bright and warm,
There rest is found at last,
When earth's deep shades that now affright
Shall flee before the living light.

DEPARTING WINTER.

THE time had come to go, and he arose,
And wrapping his white mantle closer still
Around his wasted form, he took his way,
Silent and stern, to his peculiar realms.
There Nature was all loyal unto him,
Teaching her wild-eyed and untutored sons
To pay due reverence to the aged King
Who held o'er her bleak hills unquestioned sway.

He rose to go. Our fair young land had ris'n
In wild rebellion 'gainst his dread decrees
And reign tyrannical. She, lifting up
Her shackled hands to the relenting sky,
Had prayed for quick emancipation from
The icy fetters which had chilled her blood,
Until it had almost forgott'n to flow
In her crushed veins.

The Sun propitious heard,
And mounting his winged chariot earlier
Than was his tardy wont, launched fearlessly
His golden arrows, but they missed their aim,
And glancing harmless 'gainst the frozen shield
Which the oppressor bore, with quiv'ring touch
Smote the fair brow of Earth, until the blood
Trickled through waving tresses fast and free.

The stern old despot, as his beauteous slave
Struggled for freedom, laid his hand upon
His trumpeter the North wind, and bade him
With dismal storms affright the lonely dales.
The tears which the kind Heaven rained upon
Th' afflicted Earth, congealed with horror then,
While tossing trees writhed in the mighty blast,
Like giants struggling with an unseen foe.

Guided by the loud echo which the hills
In mocking glee flung to each other, Spring,
The blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked and bright-haired Spring,
With fleet foot sought the monarch's cave, and sprang
Into his arms, and calling him her sire,
With her warm breath melted the icy drops
Which hung, like pearls, upon his locks and beard;—
Then she with merry carols charmed his ear
Until he said: "This sceptre be thine own!"
Oh, what could he refuse his own sweet child?
The lamb had tracked the lion to his lair,
And gained by Gentleness the victory.

Gloomy he strode forth. The brown Earth sprang up,
With generous forgiveness of past wrongs,
And caught the hem of his long trailing robe,
Eager to bid her discrowned King adieu —
But he passed on, leaving the snowy shreds
Scattered upon the hill-sides.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM OF HIS LOST YOUTH.

I.

THE years roll back with their golden flow,
I stand in the midst of the long ago,
And over the waves of Time's deep sea
The scenes of the past come back to me.

II.

But where is the brow that was smooth and fair ?
For the one that I bring is marked by care ;
Where the healthful vigor and active will ?
My hand hath forgotten its olden skill.

III.

Where is the step that was free and light ?
Where is the eye that was clear and bright ?
Those feet are weary and travel sore :—
I have not the eagle-glance of yore.

IV.

But, alas! there are changes worse within,
That were wrought by the hands of time and sin;
For I bear not with me the heart of youth,
That was won away from its early truth.

V.

Yet mine eyes with sorrowful tears grow dim
When I hear the strains of some sweet old hymn,
Which my gentle sisters at even sung,
In the beautiful days when I was young.

VI.

I gaze on the spire of my native town,
I gaze on the cottages quaint and brown,
At each low door stands a laughing group,
But I know not one of that merry troop.

VII.

Youths who grew with me are bowed by age;
The maidens are matrons, calm and sage,
The sons of my comrades are bearded men,
And look graver *now* than their sires looked *then*.

VIII.

I take the road which leads down to the sea,—
Alas! 'twa sthe road which proved dark to me;—
And I look on the ships that at anchor ride
In the pleasant harbor, side by side.

IX.

I turn away from the pebbly shore,
One silent spot I must see once more,
The churchyard old where I used to play,
When the locks were golden that now are grey.

X.

I pause while at the well-known gate,
But my ling'ring steps have been too late,
For a form flits by me, with tread as light
As the fall of flakes on a snowy night.

XI.

I read the name on the nearest tomb,
O'er which the sprays of the wild rose bloom,
And I know that 'neath the green sod decays
The one whom I loved in those early days.

XII.

Ah well; those memories will not sleep,
They haunt me still in the midnight deep;—
And the years roll back with their golden glow,
Till I stand in the midst of the long ago.

SIDON.

WHERE the blue waves roll on the lonely shore,
And lave the ruins which looked down of yore
In splendid pomp upon the swelling tide,
Where rose Corinthian columns, side by side,
Supporting lofty domes by Genius wrought,
The fair creations of embodied Thought,
Stands Sidon, shorn of all her ancient pow'r,
With desolation for her only dow'r,
Her temples fall'n, her palaces thrown down,
Her sceptre vanished, and her glory's crown.

Once honored by the hero, bard and sage,
Her name stood high on Hist'ry's blazoned page;
But the red torch of fierce Destruction shed
Its baleful glow on her devoted head;
What time great ALEXANDER'S mighty host
Knocked at her gates, and made her fall their boast;
What time the Romans came with sword and shield,
And she was fated yet again to yield;
What time chivalrous bands assailed her walls;
And Moslem hordes profaned her courtly halls.

Daughters of Sidon! strike no more the lyre,
Let her proud deeds ingloriously expire,
Let her forgotten by all ages be;
There is no voice to bid her coasts be free;

There is no arm uplifted in her cause;
No laurelled statesman vindicates her laws;
No poet sounds the silver trump of fame,
To celebrate the glories of her name;
Song sits among the ruins, veiled and dumb,
Woe! woe! to Sidon, for her hour has come!

A TEMPERANCE APPEAL TO THE YOUTH OF MY OWN LAND.

Of the bright flowing wine-cup, beware, oh beware!
It sparkles to dazzle, it smiles to ensnare,
It will lead you away from your country and home,
Among strangers alone like an outcast to roam,
It will fix on your forehead a withering brand;—
My brothers! drive forth the false foe from our land!

It will smilingly meet you in banquet and hall,
Till it throws o'er your senses a spell and a thrall,
It will steal the bright roses of health from your cheek,
Scatter snow 'mong your locks—leave you helpless and weak,
It will palsy your arm, strike the strength from your hand;—
Oh, brothers! drive forth the dread scourge from our land.

When you look on the wine as it foams in the cup,
Oh, think for a while ere you venture to sup
Of the tear-drops of blood that so many have shed,
And with which the bright draught is already too red.
Then dash it to earth with a resolute hand,
And aid in the effort to succour our land!

It has blighted the prospects of manhood and age,
It has stained the fair record of life's purest page,
It has taken the hope and the promise from youth ;
It has stolen from childhood the innocent truth ;
Yet, with ruin around you, you carelessly stand ;
Oh, brothers ! the spoiler drive forth from our land.

The sad tears are falling—are falling like rain,
When I think of the hopes that were fruitless and vain,
When I think of the desolate homes it has made,
Of the hearts that were broken and lured and betrayed,
Of the lost ones now missing from many a band ;
And I call on you, brothers ! deliver our land.

By your hope of a future unclouded by tears,
By the glory and pride of your blossoming years,
By the high aspirations of pure-hearted youth,
Raise higher the white flag of Temp'rance and Truth ;—
My brothers ! unite as a conquering band,
And drive forth the presence that shadows our land.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

The reapers are out in the corn-fields,
They cut down the golden grain,
And the incense the grateful morn yields
Is borne with the rolling wain.
Brightly warm on the pleasant meadows
The sweet Autumn sunlight lies,
And the brook, 'neath the alders' shadows,
Looks up to the deep-blue skies.

Come forth ! 'tis no morning for study,
No morning for toil or for dreams,
E'en the dying tree looks ruddy,
In the flush of the golden beams.
Oh, come forth, dear friends ! let us wander
Through fields that are almost bare ;—
We shall see much on which to ponder
Mid wrecks of what once was fair.

We shall see the sere leaves falling,
Hear the bird from the hawthorn spray,
Like the voice of a loved one calling
And chiding our long delay.
The bliss of the soul's revealing
Shall flow through our careless speech,
The uttermost heights of feeling
Our thoughts shall be free to reach.

We shall visit the pleasant places,
Where, in Spring-tides long ago,
Might be seen the long-lost traces
Of our foot-prints in the snow,
For the snow of the fallen blossoms,
Our feet find naught save dust ;—
But the hearts within our bosoms
Are happy with hope and trust.

THOUGHTS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I LOOK o'er old memorials upon the New Year's Eve, [weave
And crowding round me in the gloom my wayward fancies
A web of old-time memories which will not drop away
Until this throbbing heart and brain are mingled with the clay.

Oh, do not call these worthless all, scrolls dim, and faint, and old,
I would not lose the smallest word therein contained for gold;
These, with a few slight token gifts of friendship and esteem,
Are all that now are left to tell the past was not a dream.

How strange to think a withered flow'r, a shining coil of hair
Have pow'r to bring me back again to happy times that were;
And stranger still to think the lines by pencil traced or pen
Can make me dream the same old dreams which thrilled my spirit then.

Oh, point not to the hearth-fire thus; faces of other days
Would look reproachfully on me from the consuming blaze;
I could not with untrembling hand into the bright flames cast
Those few, frail links which help to bind the present to the past.

They lead me back, they lead me back through all the pleasant ways
My footsteps trod in the glad time of childhood's early days
When the cold trammels of the world were not around me cast,
When Hope was dressed in fairy tints, too fair, too bright to last.

They lead me back, they lead me back to still and solemn streams,
On whose calm bosoms sleep the stars which lighted my first dreams;
I visit each romantic spot whence first my spirit drew
Its homage for the beautiful, its yearning for the true.

They lead me back, they lead me back to an enchanted land,
Where brightly gleam my stately halls along the level strand,
And crowding fast into the port, "a glorious sight to see,"
My gallant ships from many a clime come sailing home to me!

The ships loose from their anchorings and drift I know not where,
My proud and dream-like castles all slow crumble into air;
And I am sitting by the hearth, upon the New Year's Eve,
Reading old records of the past which can but make me grieve

A DIRGE.

How still she lies—her lips
Give forth no wonted sound, no breath—
Hearts are in dark eclipse,
Say, mourners, is this death?

The snow-white eyelids droop
Over the eyes so meekly blue;
The long, dark lashes stoop
To shroud the pale cheek too.

The listless fingers close
Upon a flow'r as fair as she,
A full-blown snowy rose,
Plucked from her fav'rite tree.

A halo's round her head,
It binds her marble temples fair;
It floats around the bed,
And lights her dusky hair.

Open the casement, thus
She longed to lie when fever-tost;—
She is no more with us,
Still we may not say "lost."

To yonder form of clay
We give the cherished name she bore,
It soundeth strange to say:
"Our Lillian is no more."

And yet the temple frail
In which the pure soul worshipped here,—
The sanctuary's veil
Must ever more be dear.

Again this waxen frame
Shall rise from the grave dust sublime;
Each lineament the same
As in the olden time.

Then shall we clasp her hand,
As in the bye-gone days of yore,
When safe on Jordan's strand,
Earth's children part no more.

WHEN THOU'RT IN CROWDED HALLS.

When thou'rt in crowded halls,
Where Music's soft voice falls,
And Beauty's smile enthralls,
Think not of me;
But when thou art alone,
When all those joys have gone,
Which once so proudly shone,
Think then of me.

When other forms are near,
And other tones more dear
Than mine salute thine ear,
Think not of me;
But when the dream is o'er,
And these are heard no more,
Think of the days of yore,
Think then of me.

MAIDEN! ERE WE PART TO-NIGHT.

MAIDEN! ere we part to-night,
By thine eye of starry light,
By the world of fancies hid
'Neath its snowy downcast lid,
By thy radiant bloom and youth,
By thy heart's unsullied truth,
Tell me, haunteth not thy dreams
Thy lost home beside the streams?

Dost thou never hear the sigh
Of the elm trees standing nigh?
Hast thou sweeter music heard
Than that of thine own wild bird?
Hear'st thou not at eventide
Tones that speak a parent's pride?
Tones that never spoke in ire,
Those of thine own stately sire?

Does no gentle hand in prayer
Rest upon thy shining hair?
Does it never draw thee near
To a heart whose tend'rest throb
To a heart thou may'st not fear?
Quickened at thy infant sob?
In Dream's still, mysterious land
Feel'st thou not that heart and hand?

And thy sister, bright LENORE,
Would'st thou see her face once more?
Would'st thou, 'neath the spreading tree,
Share her wild and laughing glee?
Hear her call thee by thy name?
Mingle in each pleasant game?
Later years are full of pain,
Would'st thou be a child again?

EMILY.

SWEET EMILY! the day is done,
The stars are smiling on the sea,
Of the long hours this loveliest one
I consecrate to thought and thee.
Ah, many a day must come and go
Ere I may gaze upon that face,
Whose mem'ry thrills and charms me so
With all its unforgotten grace.

Sweet EMILY! altho' beheld
For years within my dreams alone,
Remembrance of thee has dispelled
Each care my bosom since has known.
Tho' hot and aching oft the brow
Thy gentle hand would soothe so well,
In moments such as greet me now,
My spirit owns the olden spell.

Sweet EMILY! when soft winds sweep,
When the young moon looks on the sea,
Methinks the quiet tears I weep
Are seen, and felt, and shared by thee.
For tho' thine is a brighter lot
And our earth paths are far apart,
We each may mingle thought with thought,
And keep an undivided heart.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

THEY parted, and they spoke no word,
No wild cry of despair
Sent up from the full heart was heard,
All, all was silence there.
They parted, the loved ones, but they
Unto their sorrow gave not way.

They parted 'neath the fair Spring skies,
But Spring smiled not for them;—
She looked into his mournful eyes,
And she could not condemn
In that sad hour the wish to roam
Which led his wayward steps from home.

They parted—he to other lands
A thousand mem'ries bore
Of her whose gently clasping hands
His own shall press no more.
Enough! ask not his place of rest—
His mem'ry lives in one true breast.

To her was giv'n the lot to sing,
Learning's steep heights to climb,
And strive by ceaseless labouring
To make her life sublime;
To seek the laurel wreath from Fame,
The meed of an immortal name.

But oft a shade comes o'er her brow,
And her sad eyes grow dim,
Would she not give Earth's plaudits now
For one kind word from him?—
While to her heart comes a dull pain,
To think they may not meet again.

No more, no more in cot or hall
Shall they united stand,
They were the last, the last of all
A scattered household band.
He sleepeth by the sounding shore,
She mourneth in her home of yore.

THE DUMB GIRL.

THERE is a mystic light upon thy face;
A look serene, born of high, holy thought,
Hath made that polished brow its resting-place,
To which it came unbidden and unsought.

Turn, turn away those mute, appealing eyes,
Else tears will roll down e'en proud manhood's cheek;—
Oh, what a world of prisoned feeling lies
Within those liquid orbs so sadly meek.

God's purest, fairest things are dumb like thee,
Those bright creations of his hands, the flow'rs,
That spring in silent gladness, wild and free,
And make so beautiful this world of ours.

But rude winds breathe upon the rose's breast,
Oft ere the tender flow'r is fully blown,
So thou canst hope alone for perfect rest
As long as guilt be unto thee unknown.

Then guard, oh guard thy guileless bosom well,
That it may feel no agonizing throe,
That it throb not to indignation's swell,
Nor pang of earth-born passions ever know.

The free, green earth is thine, the arching skies,
The peaceful meadows and the swaying trees,
That wake within thy soul a glad surprise,
Thy Father took thy speech and gave thee these.

When hours to prayer and choral praise belong,
Hearts that are thine have owned a strange, sweet fear
That thy bound tongue would burst its fetters strong,
And mingle with the loved ones' voices clear.

But thou dost worship at an inner shrine,
In voiceless suppliance thy prayers are giv'n,—
Oh, unheard singer, it shall yet be thine
To join the anthem of the blest in Heav'n.

IN MEMORY OF THE HISTORIAN, F. X. GARNEAU.

(*From the French of Benjamin Sulte.*)

A TOMB of monumental granite raise,
O, Canada, proud of thy liberty!
To him the chronicler of vanished days,
That unborn ages may the record see.
Muse of our land! open again, with tears
The book of Gold where shines each hero's name;
To thee the offering of his hopeful years
Was made, and what hast thou to give but fame.

A weary while he strove with courage mild
To bend his soul to strangers who despised;
Yet held he sacred rights altho' exiled
From those whose party strife he little prized.
Till death, less cruel but more just than they,
Marked his high place 'midst the immortal throng,
And honors, worthless thro' a long delay
Now to his mourning countrymen belong.

A monument above that silent mound
To show a people where his ashes lie;
To poet and to artist holy ground,
When musing on the days long since gone by.
And now, for that his words revealed so well,
Those early sires, unknown to many a son—
Who for the love of our old banners fell
Glory and he are wedded—both are one!

THE MARINERS AND THE BIRDS.*

THEY glance around our ships,
Those free and fearless things,
Bearing bright hopes upon the tips
Of their unwearied wings,

As o'er the dang'rous deep
We took our unknown way,
We marked the sea birds around us sweep,
How glorious were they!

They chased the shrieking gale
'Neath midnight's pallid star;
These gentle songsters, small and frail,
Could never fly so far.

Ah, little rovers tell
Where your green homes may be?
Then hasten hence, it is not well
To tempt this lonely sea.

Until our hearts grew sore,
We longed and prayed for land,
But your sweet, joyous hints of shore
At last we understand.

* Several birds also visited the ships; three of a small kind which keep about groves and orchards, came singing in the morning, and flew away again in the evening. Their song cheered the hearts of the dismayed mariners, who hailed it as the voice of land. The larger fowl, they observed, were strong of wing, and might venture far to sea, but such small birds were too feeble to fly far, and their singing showed that they were not exhausted by their flight.—*Irving's Life and Voyages of Columbus.*

WE WAITED FOR HIS COMING.

We waited for his coming,
When the Summer days grew long,
When the birds in wood and meadow,
Made all hearts glad with song;
When the flow'rs sent forth at even
Rich odours strangely sweet,
We listened for the echo
Of his returning feet.

We waited for his coming
When the birds had left the bow'rs,
And the cold grey light of autumn
Fell round the fading flow'rs.
When the maple's scarlet banner
Was flung out to the breeze,
And the storm-wind's voice at midnight
Seemed like the voice of seas.

We waited for his coming
When the autumn-gales had past,
And snow-drifts in each pathway
Round our old home were cast.
When the frost with playful finger,
Drew pictures on the pane;
And we thought we heard his accents
In the pauses of the rain.

We waited for his coming
When the orchard blushed with blooms,
And the grass sprang green and tender
Beside the village tombs.
We waited, and we knew not
The time might never come
When we, with tearful blessings,
Should greet our lost one home!

ASPIRATION.

HIGHER, higher soars the Eagle,
With his eye upon the sun,
Higher, higher may my spirit soar
Till life's long day is done,
Till some great and glorious purpose
In the future may be won.

True, the mists may gather round me,
And the clouds in anger break,
But the elemental warfare
Vainly my resolve would shake;
For I know one Friend is near me,
One who never will forsake.

Neither shrouding plume of Eagle,
Nor the Dove's soft wing of snow,
Ever roved the fields of ether
On the journey I must go,
Casting no reluctant glances
On what I must leave below.

I would live for something higher
Than the aims that have been mine,
Something better, nobler, truer
Than the dream which I resign;
I would see in all things human
But the wreck of things Divine.

Yet a sympathy that wakens
Such in others might be shown,
And my thoughts might then be gifted
With a power all their own,
And I, in Life's pleasant places,
Nevermore might feel alone.

TO A FRIEND.

THAT all Life's future path be bright
With never-fading flowers,
That Hope's unchanging steady light
Be never quenched by show'rs,
That Joy forever guard thee here,
And sorrow leave thee free,
Oh, friend, esteemed as well as dear,
I ask not this for thee.

I ask not that the hand of Care
May leave untouched thy brow,
But that kind hearts be near to share
All fleeting woes as now.

I do not ask for thee a sky
  Of clear, unclouded blue,
But may the clouds pass lightly by,
  And starlight struggle through.

I ask not,—such request were vain,—
  That henceforth life may prove
Like some fair dream of poet's brain,
  All mirth, and bliss, and love;—
But that, when Summer's gay hours end,
  And Autumn's cold blasts come,
Thou still may'st find a faithful friend,
  A shelt'ring heart and home.

HOMELESS.

"HOMELESS!" how bitterly the wind
  Moans through the branches hoar;—
A weary path lies far behind,
  A snowy waste before.
Mother! thy faithful heart will break
  With this world's cruel scorn;
Oh, better for thy darling's sake,
  That she had ne'er been born.

The girl reclines her weary head
  Upon that mother's breast,
Pale lips, that erst implored for bread,
  Forbear the vain request.

With wordless grief the heart full swells,
The agonizing eye,
Upturned in tearless anguish tells,
How hard it is to die.

The soldier, for a meed of fame,
Falls 'mid war's driving hail,
But they, unknown their land and name,—
What may their death avail ?
That tender child is all unused
To brave a wint'ry sky,
And mortals have to her refused
What worlds no more can buy.

Upon the mother's features worn
There is a calm despair,
All, save this blow, she well has borne,
All, save this, well might bear;
And still unconscious that the blast
Takes from her hands their force,
To her fond bosom till the last
She clasps her darling's corse.

Throughout lone hours of that dark night,
Her dead one on her knee,
She waited for the dawning light,
Which she no more might see :—
Still chiller blew the north wind's breath,—
Still louder pealed the storm,—
Oh, human love, as strong as death,
Couldst thou not keep them warm ?

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

I STOOD amid deserted bow'rs
'Neath Autumn's clouded skies,
From out the hearts of perish'd flow'rs
Pale phantoms seemed to rise—
The spirits of departed hours—
They passed before my eyes.

How sadly looked they in my face,
Their aspects I could know,
For round them lingered still the grace
And light of long ago;
They passed and left behind no trace;
Why did they leave me so?

Did some dim mist sweep o'er the plain,
Or was it but my tears,
A phantasy of heart and brain
Wrought by my doubts and fears?
I felt, in that brief space, the pain
And weariness of years.

Not unregarded even then,
The sere leaves slowly fell,
I thought of that bright Spring-tide when
I watched their budding swell;
I said: "Has Autumn come again?"
As one who says "farewell!"

As one who says "farewell" to all
That made life sweet and fair,
Yet fain a lost time would recall
Of hope and promise rare,
I saw the gloom of evening fall
Upon the landscape bare.

Was it the leaves, those rustling things,
Borne idly to and fro?
A sound like to the stir of wings,
A voice I did not know,
Hushed my unconscious murmurings
In deep tones sweet and low.

"Lo! Spring is here!" I looked around,
A change my spirit knew,
A burst of bloom, of light, of sound,
Proclaimed the tidings true;
And in my heart a joy profound
Sprang into being too.

MERRY MEMORIES.

How pleasant in the Spring-time
Was our old home of yore,
When drifts of apple blossoms
Lay round the open door,
And when we careless children
Stood by in laughing glee,
To watch the fairy burthens
Swept from the laden tree,

Oh ! how we danced and shouted
When on some curly head
The Spring-time's blooming honors
With bounteous hand were shed.
Then talked we all of Summer,
And welcomed the first bird
That right before our window
At morn and eve was heard.
And oft we sought the crocus,
And starry primrose pale,
And looked for early vi'lets
Down in the verdant vale.

And when the Summer fervid
Had come with fruits and flowers,
We crowded many ages
Of pleasure into hours.
We wandered by the mountain
And by the ruin hoar,
And watched the swelling billows
Roll in upon the shore.
Then gathered we our treasures
Of pebble, weed and shell,
And heard the songs of fishers
And the strange tales they tell.
Of how the fair mermaiden
Sits on the gray old rocks,
With pearly comb arranging
Her long, wet, glist'ning locks ;

Of the false-hearted syren,
  Who lures men to their doom;
And of the caves of ocean,
  Where gems light up the gloom.

But when the morning-glories
  Had faded from our door,
And the bright time of blossoms,
  Of flowers and birds was o'er,
Oh, we were not less happy
  Than we had been before;
A glad heart in each bosom
  Was all the charm we bore,
To make earth seem an Eden,
  And sullen skies seem bright:
Oh! those were happy moments
  Of pure, unstained delight.
Yet oft, in looking backward
  Through the dim mist of years,
A shade comes o'er my bosom,
  And to mine eyes come tears.
For I, the last remaining
  Of our once merry band,
Sit by a stranger's hearth-stone,
  Within the stranger's land.

AN AUTUMN NIGHT.

It was a glorious night, the round moon shone
With an unclouded radiance in the skies,
While myriad stars stood waiting round her throne,
Like guardian seraphs with unsleeping eyes.
Far off the misty mountain, blue and lone,
Whereon the sun smiles last before it dies,
Looked faint and shadowy in the mystic light
Which sparkled from the chariot wheels of Night.

I wandered forth as in those halcyon times
"Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books;"—
I heard once more the low, sweet evening chimes,—
I saw again the dear, familiar looks
Of friends, long vanished to the starry climes,
And walked with them once more beside clear brooks;—
With those whose mem'ry brings but blinding tears,
The unforgotten of those happier years.

The stars looked down upon the solemn streams
With the same tranquil countenance they wore
When I, a thoughtful child, lost in bright dreams,
First learnt the lesson of their shining lore.
But ah, each year, how wonderful it seems!
The stars look sadder than they looked before;
As if ev'n Heav'n looked more cold and strange,
And they, the changeless ones, had suffered change.

Oh, Mem'ry, sweetest in a world like this,
I felt my heart yield to thy holy pow'r;
The keenest pain precedes the deepest bliss,
And chastened joy dwelt in that pensive hour.
While the low winds bent gently down to kiss
The cold, pure cheek of each fair slumb'ring flow'r,
I felt its influence on my burdened brain,
Winning from fevered nerves the sense of pain.

I know not how it is Night ever brings
Unto my heart the blessed boon of peace,
She bears upon her sable outstretched wings
For me from care at least a short release;
Sweet, wordless melodies she ever sings
Which have in them a certain power to please;
Something I cannot very well define,
Which makes the earth and all it holds divine.

In Mem'ry's record, on its various leaves,
With fancy's silver pencil, I essay
Oft to preserve some thought my mind receives
At rosy dawn, or purple close of day,
And when I read those o'er, my spirit grieves
For the fair scenes which quickly passed away;
But never more than when I read the lines
That Night traced 'neath the shadow of the pines.

JOHN HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Not thine the warrior's fame,
The laurels that the victor's brow adorn,
Yet thou hast left a name
To be revered by thousands yet unborn.

If calm, enduring love
And gen'rous pity for thy fallen kind
In realms of bliss above
Gain recompense, what shall thy merits find?

Philanthropy in thee
Her best and bravest champion ever found,
Thy spirit, bold and free,
Could never brook to see another bound.

Pow'rless thou wert, 'tis true
To overturn the nations' code of laws,
But all that Man could do,
Unaided, thou hast done in one great cause.

Thine was the willing hand,
The soul unwarped by prejudice of creed,
Unto each distant land
Thou wert a messenger of peace, indeed.

Thou didst not trample down
The lowliest human heart, though sin-defiled,
The sullen ceased to frown,
And the crushed flow'r looked in thy face and smiled.

Love stronger is than hate,
Or thou hadst failed where many failed before;
Heroes have conquered Fate,
But thou, oh noble man, hast conquered more!

UNA.

WHAT gentle looks dwell on the maiden's face,
In deep repose the while!
In those soft, lovely features none may trace
One shade of earthly guile.

Those meek, pure eyes, so modestly cast down,
The forest's lord could tame,
And that calm brow, wearing an unseen crown,
Could win a mortal fame.

Surely bright Inspiration hovered near
When the rapt artist caught,
From the dim verge of some remoter sphere,
The bard's unbodied thought.

Thou sweet creation of the poet's brain,
What nobler, higher dream
Of perfect womanhood, preserved from stain,
Than thou, could be his theme?

I do not know what faults some eyes may see
In thee, fair thing of art;
I only know thy sculptured memory
Will never leave my heart.

ST. VALENTINE.

THE mists rolled off the hill-tops,
The sun shone clear and fine,
For it was the *fête* auspicious
Of good Saint VALENTINE.

And even in our quiet village,
Far from the city's din,
Young hearts, with a joyous throbbing,
Welcomed the bright day in.

The smoke rose high from the chimneys,
In many a waving spire,
And seemed through the rosy distance
Like temples built of fire.

And the face of my gentle sister
Grew strangely sweet and fair
As she watched the glorious visions
Fade into misty air.

Her dreams were of love and gladness;
Mine were of power and fame;
But both were as frail as the temples
Built of the air and flame.

And as we stood at the window
A dark-haired youth went by,—
And I knew her eyes grew gladder,
Though mine were on the sky.

And now, on this very morning,
After those weary years,
She holds in her hand a missive,
Blotted and stained with tears.

But I utter not a question,
I know her eyes are dim,
When upon that faded token
She looks and thinks of him.

For her dreams of love and gladness,
Like mine of fame, have fled,
And he, her young boy-lover,
Has many a year been dead.

TO A FRIEND.

Dear friend, the days are long and drear,
The circling hours go slowly past,
And oft I wish that thou wert here,
But oh, not as I saw thee last;
For then thine eyes were full of tears,
And sadness trembled in thy voice,
Then we both felt such shadowy fears,
I tried in vain to say "Rejoice."

But now, oh, 'tis far otherwise,
Of parting the worst pang is o'er,
And I could look into thine eyes,
And smile as was my wont once more;

For well I know thy sudden tears,
That fell then unrestrained and free,
Thy wordless prayers, thy trembling fears,
Thy silent hopes, were all for me.

And well I know though gayer friends
May chase the sadness from thy brow,
Not all the joy their presence lends
Could tempt thee to forget me now.
Where'er thou'lt be, on sea or land,
Thou'lt still think of the pleasant ways
Wherein we wandered, hand in hand,
In the past free and careless days.

LEONORA.

We thonght, when gazing on thy face,
Thy beauty's wondrous dow'r,
" Our Northern land is no fit place
For thee, pale, lovely flow'r.
Child of the distant sunny isles
Amid the Southern Sea,
Our cold sky will not glow with smiles
Nor melt with tears for thee."

We marked the rose fade from thy cheek,
We marked thy radiant eyes,
Grief-shadowed, turn from earth to seek
A calm home in the skies;

Yet, still untouched by sad decay,
  Remained each early grace—
Death had not power to steal away
  All glory from thy face.

We know that thou art happy now,
  That cold words may not chill
Thy feelings warm, nor cloud thy brow
  With shade of coming ill.
When thou didst from our midst depart
  To a bright world above,
The last words breathed from thy pure heart
  Were those of peace and love.

Now, when the light of Autumn eves
  Dies out in the far West,
We think of how, 'neath falling leaves,
  Our dear one lies at rest.
Of how the wild birds o'er thy tomb
  Appear to linger long,
Ere flying to thine isles of bloom,
  Of sunlight and of song.

BROTHER, OUR HOME IS LONELY NOW.

BROTHER, our home is lonely now,
It standeth yet on the green hill's brow,
And all around it the stately trees
Bend to the sweep of the scented breeze,
The same as in days of yore;
And the blue old mountains that rise afar,
And the distant spire like a burning star,
And the singing streams and the rushing rills
That burst from the sides of the neighbouring hills,
Stir a thousand mem'ries more,
Of the joyous days when, in thoughtless glee,
We wandered by meadow, and stream, and lea.

Still the arching skies wear as deep a blue
As when they shone on our childhood's view;
And, as I sit on the window-sill,
The glorious prospect of vale and hill
Spreads out to my wearied ken.
The flowers that I tended have long since died,
They sleep with the hopes of my lost Spring-tide;
But where the plumes of the long grass stir,
The wild-blooms rise o'er their sepulchre,
As fair, as fresh as then:—
Ah! these speak low to my listening heart
Of the simpler joys that will not depart.

No more in our old home's halls at night,
A bright band sits by the taper's light,
And the homeless echo, wandering round,
Listens in vain for the silvery sound
  Of their laughter, low and sweet :—
Oh, some repose 'neath the churchyard mould,—
With some the fire of youth is cold,—
And others have sought another strand,
Far, far away in the stranger's land,
  And the sound of their lightsome feet
Is never heard on the silent floor,
Which echoed their steps in days of yore.

I gazed on each pictured face last night,
On each blooming cheek and each lip of light,
I gazed on each young and laughing brow,
And I asked : " Oh, where are the lost ones now,
  Who lit up those dim old walls ?
Their imaged beauty the artist gives,
Their memory still in this lone heart lives,
But the cordial clasp, the tender tone,
And the converse sweet, are these gone,—all gone
  From those gray deserted halls ?"
But the smiling lip and the beaming eye
Of that beautiful group made no reply.

Brother, our home is lonely now,
Yet I linger here with a saddened brow,
I long for the clasp of some friendly hand,
To welcome me back to my native land,
  To scenes where my childhood played.

Hence! fond, vain wish! I must forth again,
Like a lonely waif on a stormy main;
Farewell! a long and a last farewell
To each silver stream and each haunted dell!
Farewell to the trees whose shade
Falls on my heart as I close the door
Of the dear old home that is mine no more.

WHERE IS THE SAILOR'S HOME?

WHERE is the sailor's home?
Far on the smiling sea,
Where'er the free winds roam,
There it must surely be.
Vainly each isle of balm,
Vainly each storied shore,
Tranced in eternal calm,
Woo him to rove no more.

Where is the sailor's home?
Far on the frowning main,
Where the waves, white with foam,
Warn as they warned in vain;
And, with low, grieving wail,
Storms that are spent in tears,
Tell a mysterious tale,
Haunting life's after years.

Where is the sailor's home ?
  Far on the changeful deep,
Never a dream doth come,
  Breaking his happy sleep.
Not in the crowded graves
  Where earth's dead children lie,
But 'neath the boundless waves,
  Open to air and sky.

HOME MEMORIES.

Do you remember the old pleasant home,
  Wherein we lived in other days than these,
Before our careless steps had learnt to roam,
  From the still shadow of its dark old trees ?
Do you remember how sweet thoughts would come,
  With every mournful sighing of the breeze ?
Amid those peaceful scenes grief was unknown,
  Earth held one Eden, and that was our own.

Do you remember the bright coloured birds,
  Which made the silence musical with song,
And how we changed their wood-notes wild to words,
  And how we sat and listened all day long
To melody which now no joy affords ?—
  More res'lute, self-reliant, proudly strong,
You have grown in the ranks of busy men,
  And I am not the same as I was then.

The wild impulses of those days are gone,
The dreamy joys, the spirits full and high,
And Hope's white garments are no longer on,
To dazzle with their glow the weary eye;
Our playmates, too, have vanished one by one,
To brighter realms beyond the dark'ning sky,
And the sweet haunts our sportive childhood knew,
We never more may wander gaily through.

We may not pull the snow-drop's pure white flow'r,
The blue forget-me-not we loved so well,
The drooping lilac's white and purple shower
Of ripened blooms that 'neath our quick touch fell,
The starry jasmine which enwreathed the bow'r
That seemed to have grown out of the still dell;
We may not gather near our lost home more
Those dear remembrancers of days of yore,

I do not know if ever you look back
On those bright mem'ries of that sunny time
For me, when life's fair sky is drear and black,
I turn me to recall its trust sublime,
To gather faded garlands in its track,
And deck with their dead leaves some pensive rhyme,
And through the mist of many a vanished year,
I see thy face as it must now appear.

But oh, the sad look in those gentle eyes
Has a strange power to make mine own grow wet,
And floods of old-time memories arise,
Bearing me onward in their vain regret.

For well I know the mournfulness that lies
In these clear orbs has deepened since we met :—
And oft I wish the dear past's happy hours
Could come again with their sweet thoughts and flow'rs.

SYLVIA.

SHE came to the old homestead when the warm
South wind was playing o'er the fresh, green earth,
When Summer had looped up her trailing robes
With gay festoons of flow'rs, when dancing leaves
Were shimm'ring in the sunlight, when the voice
Of murm'ring bough and singing brook was heard.

They called her SYLVIA, for 'mid the woods,
The dark old forests, she had sprung to life,
To joy and beauty, one sweet thing to cheer
The loneliness of her ancestral halls
With such a warmth of light as ne'er had poured
Upon their dull and gloomy walls before.

She had no playmates save the gentle lambs,
That, gaily frisking, took from her white hands
Sweet-scented wild-flow'rs she had culled for them ;
Unspoiled by her indulgence and her care,
The meek-eyed, docile creatures ever came
Obedient to their little mistress' call.

As SYLVIA grew in years the woods became
Almost her home ; she knew the varied haunts
Of its wild denizens ; she knew the spot

Where bluest grew the violets in Spring;
And she would gaze into their dewy eyes,
And they in hers, until they had become
A portion of her life, as she of theirs.

But ah, there came a time when her light step
Was missed by all the tender things that lived
Upon her bounty or shone in the light
Of her mild presence; unforgetful still
Of all the bright creations which had helped
To make her bright life beautiful, she looked
From her high lattice on the bleating flock,
Which came to be caressed by other hands,
Nor murmured that they, void of human sense,
Had learnt the human lesson to forget.

She did remember the neglected flow'rs
Which grew within the unfrequented shades;
She sent off thence, and had the faintest culled
And laid upon her bosom, shelter meet
For the frail flow'rs of earth, tho' heav'nly ones,
In guise of holy thoughts, had oft dwelt there.

A bond of strange and mystic sympathy
Unites all pure and lovely things e'en here;
For when the light dropt from her languid eye,
The violet's deep azure faded too;
And when the blood was stricken from her cheek,
The young rose lost the beauty of its blush,
And when her heart's last throbbing pulse was still,
They breathed out their sweet lives upon her breast!

MY SOLDIER SIRE.

We gathered round the hearth-fire,
And watched its cheerful glow,
In the night hours, dark and lonely,
Of the winters long ago.

Then the sweet songs of my sisters
Fell often on my ear;
But my father's battle stories
I dearly loved to hear.

Adventures wildly thrilling,
Almost as strange, in sooth,
As those in old romances
Which stir the heart of youth.

And as I, by the fire-light,
Heard of War's brave array,
My mind with thoughts was busy
That never came by day.

For 'mid the blazing pine logs,
Which seemed as though alive,
Methought I saw the phantoms
Of those past days revive.

I saw plumes proudly waving,
By vanished breezes stirred;
A strain of stately music
Clashed in with every word.

The quivering brands then falling
Showed me, 'neath trophies torn,
Their unfamiliar features
Who died ere I was born.

My father's voice is silent,
His martial themes are o'er,
Some places by the hearth-stone
Are vacant evermore.

Yet oft on Wintry evenings,
Beside the pleasant fire,
I trace these long-lost pictures
And hear my soldier sire.

THE DREAMER.

SHE sits at the open casement,
And gazes with dreamy eyes
At the glorious waves of crimson
That roll in the morning skies.

But her thoughts are in the meadows,
Are out with the lambs at play,
And sport with the breeze-like fancies
Of her childhood's vanished day.

The hours speed onward and onward,
Yet the maiden will not rise,
And the noon-tide's glancing glory
On her brow in blessing lies.

And her heart is stirred within her,
As the leaves are stirred in June,
For the rhythm of a wordless music
Haunts the stilly afternoon.

She sees the steps of the Daytime
Go down into Night's eclipse,
And ever some rare old ballad
Is trembling upon her lips.

Oh, blame her not for forgetting
The flight of the precious hours.
She will weep o'er those wasted moments
As a child o'er faded flowers.

But leave her now with her musings,
'Neath the moonlight's silv'ry rain,
For the happy dream she is dreaming
She may never dream again.

INVOCATION TO EVENING.

Come, gentle Eve, the Day lies dead,
Slain by her dark-browed sire,
And all her crimson life-blood shed
Seems turning into fire.
Thine own fair star her watch hath set,
And, with her jewelled coronet,
Glistens above the distant hill;
And, oh, there are world-wearied eyes,
Turned upward to the glowing skies,
That keep a vigil still.

Come, with thy silver-spangled veil
  Flung o'er thy features mild,
Come tripping down the dusky dale,
  Like some bright fairy-child.
Lay thy cool fingers on each brow
That throbs with fevered fancies now.
  Bid ev'ry wild'ring care repose;
Bring Lethe's fabled draught to steep
The quiv'ring nerves in restful sleep,
  Bid drooping eyelids close.

The prisoner, with wistful eye,
  Shall look through dungeon bars,
And see thee calmly gliding by
  With thy bright train of stars.
Awakened mem'ry shall go back
O'er many a long-forsaken track,
  His merry playmate's call,
His sister's voice once more he'll hear,
O, Evening! ever blest and dear,
  Thou shalt renew these all.

Then come, sweet Eve! the Day lies dead,
  Slain by her dark-browed sire,
And her bright tides of life-blood shed,
  Roll down the West like fire.
But like the fabled Phœnix, she
Shall rise next morn from out the sea,
  From her own scattered ashes bright,
Thrilling the heart with sweet surprise
That now for thy deep quiet sighs,
  And softer, purer light.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

HOMEWARD bound, homeward bound,
O'er the fair smiling sea,
With the white waves around
And the wind blowing free.
Homeward bound, homeward bound,
Speed the slow hours along
With the viol's sweet sound
And the laugh and the song.

Homeward bound, homeward bound,
With the blue vault above,
Soon shall we hear the sound
Of the voices we love.
And as stars in the skies
Of this Summer Night clear,
So shall beam the bright eyes
Of the friends we hold dear.

ON RECEIVING SOME VIOLETS.

I PRIZE these fragrant vi'lets,
Their presence ever brings,
Like winds from balmy islets,
Thoughts of all pleasant things.

Each dear, old recollection
Of childhood's sunny hour
When, with such warm affection,
I cherished this sweet flow'r.

And kind hands seem caressing
The temples free from care,
Or laid in silent blessing
On my undarkened hair.

The light then round me beaming
Is on thy pathway now,
And joys too bright for seeming
Dwell on thy happy brow.

Thus may thy youth in gladness
Pass, like a dream divine,
Unknowing that strange sadness
Which early shadowed mine.

May ev'ry thought and feeling
Which might be wrong depart,
Thy smiles, as now, revealing
A glad and guileless heart.

While those who love thee dearly,
With earnest words of praise
Shall speak, oh how sincerely,
Of all thy winning ways.

Nor will those sweet flow'rs surely
With silent speech condemn
The young life led so purely
As to resemble them.

WEARINESS.

I LOOK out on this glorious night,
But oh, it is with saddened eyes,
For me in vain the moon's soft light
Floods all the Summer skies.

The clustered stars for me no more
With words of mystic meaning shine,
For the sweet peace I felt of yore
Can never more be mine.

This world, oh, it is full of wrongs,
And those who would escape them best
Must battle 'gainst o'erpow'ring throngs
And dearly purchase rest.

But the faint spirit only falls
In its blind struggles for the right,
And, when the voice of Duty calls,
It only prays for light.

And when the glorious hopes of youth
Would spurn the will irresolute,
And speak the clear, brave words of truth,
Fear ever holds them mute.

Then turns the timid heart away
From fierce conflicting scenes of strife,
At Mercy's feet awhile to lay
Its heavy load of life.

So, on this night, so soft, so mild,
When it seems almost sin to weep.
I wish, like some poor weary child,
To seek repose in sleep.

TO ONE UNKNOWN.

THY face is like that of some pictured saint,
Was ever face of saint so fair as thine?
Thou, with thy sad, sweet smile, so still and faint,
And look of thought which makes thee seem divine.
Thou, with a golden glory round thy brows,
Art like some sinless seraph stray'd to earth,
And reverently the hushed spirit bows
Before thee with a joy too deep for mirth.
The rustle of thy garment's lightest fold,
The measured motion of thy soft foot-fall,
Thy slightest glance or tone has pow'r to hold
As with a spell the thoughts, the hearts of all,
Thou art so good and wise, so pure and fair,
That thy least look is like a silent pray'r.

THE VOLUNTEER.

WHEN last we gazed upon his face,
So much of life was round him shed,
We thought not he would have a place
Ere now among the silent dead.

We did not think that boyish breast,
Though wont at daring deeds to swell,
Should 'neath the sculptured marble rest
Which marks the spot where heroes fell.

We said: "He has a spirit bold,
A will to do, a head to plan;
Were these wild ardors but controlled,
He might be yet a noble man.

When Youth's rash impulse shall abate,
And Passion learn in Reason's school,
He will become both good and great,
Trained up in truth and born to rule."

Were these proud prophecies fulfilled?
He never reached to manhood's prime;
Alas! 'tis but on sand we build
When we rely on space or time.

But would ye wish to know his name,
And would ye seek the soldier's grave?
Go where he won his early fame,
And bled our sacred rights to save;

When, in our country's hour of need,
He went forth with his brave compeers;
Go there, and reverently read
The glorious close of his young years.

SNOW ON THE HOUSE-TOPS.

THE snow upon the sloping roofs
Lies silently to-night,
It glitters, like a thousand gems,
In the moon's mystic light.
I love to look upon it now,
It seems so pure and white.

So dazzling in its glow, and yet
So mildly, softly fair,
As if some angel passing by
Had paused a moment there,
And cast the brightness of his smile
On dwellings full of care.

Now, glad groups throng round happy hearths,
The windows are aglow,
And up from sadder homes arise
Low sounds of human woe,—
Strange scenes of mirth or misery,
And over all the snow.

Serenely in the frosty skies,
  Within their silv'ry cars
Roll on, in solemn majesty,
  The nightly hosts of stars;
I see them through the latticed panes
  Which are my prison-bars.

Thoughts far too glorious to be mine
  Are wakened in my brain;
Away! away! cold, selfish world,
  My spirit spurns thy chain.
Let me look on the snow and stars,
  And be a child again.

IDEALIA.

SHE climbed the darksome crags of doubt
  In her young years, and now
The light from Heav'n's eternal hill
  Is shining on her brow.

She wept such tears as others weep
  Beside Love's lonely grave,
This holy mem'ry from the past
  Is all she now would save.

Her voice is low and thrilling, like
  The chiming of the spheres;
Almost too sweetly musical
  For our dull mortal ears.

And, day by day, we seem to grow
  Like her, more truly wise,
Reading the solemn meanings in
  Her calm and saintly eyes.

But still she does not seem to be
  All human needs above,
Too high for mortal reverence,
  Too pure for mortal love.

So, while we cannot comprehend
  Her loftier nature, thus,
We know, through human sympathy,
  She yet is one of us.

AT NIGHTFALL.

A BROAD and misty curtain
  Is drawn across the skies,
And through its dim folds peering
  I see unnumbered eyes.
Their glances are more tranquil
  Than human ones might be,
Could others know the feeling
  Of wild unrest in me.
The yearning of my spirit
  For what it cannot gain,
The heavy, tearless anguish,
  Dull weariness and pain,

The stern and bootless struggle
With many a daily care,
The lonely thoughts and feelings
No mortal heart may share.

Uprises a white vapor
From yonder stubble-field,
Above the distant hill-tops
The moon hangs like a shield,
And the tall palm-trees, lifting
Their bare, swart arms on high,
Seem as if they were striving
To wrest it from the sky.
A low and plaintive murmur
Comes from the tree which stands
Before my open window—
I touch it with my hands :—
Sere leaves ! I sought to gather
A garland for my brow,
But Spring-tide blooms have perished
And ye are left me now.

No one I love is near me,
I hear the strangers' call
To leave my dark, cold chamber
For the gay, lighted hall.
I will not go to meet them—
The young, the bright, the fair,—
Mirth, music, is around them,
They will not miss me there.

I care not for their laughter,
  Their wit so keen and free,
They have no thought in common,
  No sympathy with me.
Their sweetest words fall coldly
  On an unheeding ear,
O, for some one beside me
  To whom I once was dear.

Some one to whom the hist'ry
  Of long years might be told,
Not like those who surround me,
  Indifferent or cold.
Some one to bring me tidings
  Of those belov'd of yore,
Or e'en a passing trav'ller
  Who had paused at the door
Of that low, white-walled cottage
  Where my young sisters dwell
Among the pleasant home-scenes
  My spirit loves so well.
Some strange relief 'twould bring me
  Beneath these foreign skies,
My heart would break with rapture
  Or tears would fill mine eyes.

MY DREAM ANGEL.

In visions of departed years
A form celestial passed me by,
I did not think this world of tears
Could win that presence from the sky,
Yet wheresoe'er I went, I sought
The living semblance of my thought.

She came at last in mortal guise,
With gentlest beauty for her dow'r;
Oh, seldom hath the blooming skies
Lost such a fair and lovely flow'r,
And seldom hath a heart been thrilled
As mine to find its dream fulfilled.

Her eyes in Heav'n were deep, deep blue,
Here they are dark and sad as night,
But oft, like wandering stars shine thro'
Faint gleams of their forgotten light,
And then to my wrapt soul she seems
The very Angel of my dreams.

Her face is fair, so purely fair
That I admire it most in shade,
When Thought leaves a sweet sadness there,
Than when in radiant smiles arrayed;
For then she does not seem to be
Too bright and blest for one like me.

The soft, low measures of her feet
  Like snow-flakes fall, almost unheard ;
Her voice is sweet, divinely sweet,
  Music's deep heart throbs in each word.
Oh, what must be the song of spheres,
When tones like these greet mortal ears ?

Whene'er I see her hair upborne
  By playful breezes soft and light,
Her lips like parted gates of morn,
  Her brow unusually bright,
Or when I see her white robe sway,
I fear that she may flee away.

TO EVENING.

I Love thee, Ev'ning, for thou art to me
A harbinger of pure and peaceful thoughts ;
Thou art to me as a familiar friend
For whose dear coming wearily I sigh,
While the white fleet of daylight hours appear
To my impatient sight as if becalmed
Upon the swift yet stilly waves of Time.
But when the sunlight reddens in the West,
And down the surging sea of liquid fire
The last one plunges, laden with the cares,

The sorrows of a day that will not come
Again,—then am I joyful.
Gentle Eve,
I love thee, for thou bring'st the silent Night,
With her sweet moon and train of quiet stars;
These are to me as oracles, they speak
Of the far future and the vanished past;—
I knew their silv'ry tones in infancy,
And in my childhood's dreamy hours they laid
A spell upon my heart.

THE DREAM.

I WANDERED through a lonely land,
Where none had been before,
How solemnly and weirdly grand
That unfamiliar shore
Seemed, till I felt thy clasping hand,
And my vain doubts were o'er.

Above our heads hung twilight skies,
No sun shone ever there;
From summits high we cast our eyes
On valleys green and fair,
Yet still new mountains seemed to rise
Into the silent air.

Led by some mystic pow'r along,
My soul had sought that sphere
Where never sound of mirth or song
Smote on a mortal ear,
But soon my heart grew brave and strong,
For thine was beating near.

O'er many a stretch of barren ground,
Without a waving tree,
We pass'd, until the sullen sound
Of the slow-surging sea
Roll'd in, while darkness wrapped us round
And I clung close to thee.

My feet grew tired—I could but pray
Thee to go on before,
Unclasped our hands, and in the way
Knelt down, and knew no more,
Till on my brow fell the salt spray
Of waves by that lone shore.

And thou wert gone—how could I know
If 'twas o'er the dark deep ?
I knew but this, I bade thee go,
And I was left to weep ;—
Ah me ! what more than real woe
Can move our hearts in sleep.

THE DEEPEST GRIEF.

THAT grief is not the deepest which o'erflows
The eyes with deluges of sudden tears,
And rends away from the poor human heart
The veil, the sacred veil, which should conceal
Its solemn mysteries from curious eyes.

But oh, it is the deepest grief of all
That bids the suff'rer meet each searching glance
With careless smile and jest and front serene,
That bids the anguished heart lie still and weep
In lonely agony its tears of blood.

GOD help the silent one who walks thro' life
With some great sorrow pressing inwardly
Upon the tissues of the o'erwrought brain
With a most still and dread persistency,
Till Reason is crushed out, and all is night.

WRITTEN ON READING BAYARD TAYLOR'S "VIEWS AFOOT."

YES! I have traced thy steps through many a land
In spirit, till it seems as I had caught
The inspiration of thy inner thought,
The fev'rish longing for the great and grand,
For the wild, beauteous shores thy feet hath sought,
And yearnings vain which few may understand,
This, this, is ever the enthusiast's lot.

What would I give to gaze upon each scene
Whereon thine eye hath rested in proud joy,
Which thou didst traverse when almost a boy!
Erin's sweet valleys, lovely and serene,
Shut in by mountains from the world's annoy,
Yet bearing in their bosoms fresh and green
A smothered fire that breaks forth to destroy.

Thou hast looked on that plaything of old Time,
The Giant's Causeway, at whose bases steep
The wild, sad waters ever moan and sweep
As if they did lament in Ocean rhyme
O'er bards and heroes that now silent sleep.
I marvel not that thou shouldst call sublime
Such scenes as this and their wild mem'ry keep.

Thou hast climbed up Ben Lomond's rugged side,
And gazed upon the peaceful scene below,
Menteith's fair vale, Loch Lomond's silv'ry flow,
And thou hast quaffed of the Forth's crystal tide
And seen Loch Katrine's dark-blue waters glow,
That beauteous lake which is thrice sanctified
To pilgrims who its bard may never know.

St. Paul's, that old cathedral, whose tall spire
Rises sublimely to the misty sky,
Has caught the quick glance of thine ardent eye,
Westminster, too, in which high souls of fire
Have left their earthly parts, to soar on high,
Methinks it would exalted thoughts inspire
To view the silent places where these lie.

And thou hast walked thro' the old Flemish town
Of famous Bruges. Thou hast stood above
The tomb of him who made the wide world move
With the far echo of his high renown,
In royal Aix, the city of his love,
He sleeps whose forehead wore the Iron Crown,
But who in vain 'gainst *one* great monarch strove.

And thou upon the ever-glorious Rhine
Hast been, where sylvan beauty sweetly dwells,
The crag, "the castled crag of Drachenfels,"
Burst on thy vision like a dream divine,
And thou hast walked thro' fair, romantic dells,
Which on its banks in blushing beauty shine,
Where the ripe grape with far-famed Rhenish swells.

The Hartz, in tow'ring pride, on thee has smiled—
That Hartz which many a pilgrim's soul appals—
And in the aisles of Dresden's courtly halls
The Heav'nly features of the sweet Christ child
Look'd down on thee from the bright pictured walls,
And thou hast trod the Saxon valleys wild
And stood beside their foam-wreathed waterfalls.

Methinks thou must have sadly sighed to leave
Old stately Prague, that city of past times,
Wherein thou'st listened to the sweet, wild chimes
That float out solemnly at morn and eve
From its tall minsters, singing wordless rhymes,
The parting would a poet's spirit grieve,
Tho' 'twere to sojourn in far brighter climes.

Vienna on the Danube! what a tide
Of thoughts conflicting stir the human heart
To view that lordly residence of art,
Of opulence, oppression and of pride;
Fond, weeping Liberty in that wide mart
Turns from the unworthy and the base aside,
And seeks a lonely place to weep apart.

Thou'st climbed the Alps, the free and glorious hills,
On whose white summits Freedom builds her throne,
From which she views the land she calls her own,
And thou hast listened to the mountain-rills
That trickle downward, with their music-tone,
Whose silv'ry sound the inmost spirit thrills,
And cheers the quiet vales so green and lone.

Thou'st seen the glories of Italia's clime,
The glory of her clear and cloudless skies,
Thou'st breathed the incense of her soft winds' sighs,
And mused 'neath pillars ruined yet sublime,
That, with wreathed capitals, in splendour rise,
As eloquent declaimers 'gainst old Time,
Memorials of an age that never dies.

When on thy way to thy far Western home,
The sunny land of France unto thy view
Was given, didst thou not recall a few
Of all thine early picturings of Rome
And the fair lands that thou hadst travelled thro' ?
And did no gentle rapture o'er thee come
To find those vague and glorious visions true ?

BURIED AT TWILIGHT.

"It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at the morning-twilight; for, as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they poetically imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace."

While her pearls the Twilight gathers
At the soft approach of Day,
From the mansion of her fathers
We will bear the maid away.
From the many pleasant places
Which were as familiar faces
To her heart, in days long vanished,
She shall ever more be banished.

We will weep, such tears are holy,
As she sleeps with closèd eyes,
We will bear her gently, slowly,
'Neath the still and solemn skies.
Yet our tears shall change to smiling
While the fragrant pyre up-piling,
For when Dawn and Light surround her
Bright AURORA shall have found her.

HADST THOU LIVED IN THE OLD HEROIC DAYS.

HADST thou lived in the old heroic days
Whose spirit is all thine,
Thou wouldst have left a name transcending praise,
A mem'ry half divine.

The laurels of the victor would have wreathed
Their honours round thy brows,
And Fame low at thy feet have sat and breathed
Her yet unbroken vows.

Thou wouldst have wedded an immortal bride,
Some Grecian maiden fair,
Worthy to stand for ages at thy side
And in thy glory share.

Through the dusk splendour of the twilight years
The antique gods arise,
Men, mighty men, whose majesty appears
Scarce human in our eyes.

Ah ! our old Earth was then in her first youth,
No vassal unto Time,
But now she sadly weeps o'er her lost truth
And vanished hopes sublime.

Yet sometimes from her not unlovely mould
A man like thee is born,
And then she lifts her sad eyes to behold
The distant lights of morn.

While others look upon the form and face,
Saying : " Such things may be
As that one sprung from that old Kingly race
Lives yet ;—can this be he ?"

IN THE AUTUMN.

In the Autumns, long ago,
Well I loved the varied glow
Which was on each fading leaf,
All the glory bright and brief
Which kind Nature gives the year
When its end is drawing near.

Well I loved the mellow ray
Of the Indian Summer day,
The wild music of the gale,
Though it made the flow'rs grow pale.
Well I loved the glorious dyes
Of the woods, and fields and skies.

Now the thought of these but brings
Memories of long-past things,
Thoughts of hours when life was gay
As an Indian Summer day,
And its brightness quite as brief
As the splendour of the leaf.

I have seen the strong man bow,
With a saddened heart and brow;
I have seen the hectic hue
On the cheek of Beauty too;
I have seen bright heads laid low
Ere the ground was white with snow.

Now I think, when wild winds rave,
Of each quiet, lonely grave
Where the gentle Autumn rain
Weeps its saddest tears in vain,
And I say: "GOD takes the flow'rs
To a kinder clime than ours."

A YEAR AGO TO-DAY.

A YEAR ago to-day a proud ship o'er the sea
Came freighted with bright joys and brighter hopes to me.
Flying before the wind, she tossed the billows back,
Like a fleet sea-bird on the foamy ocean-track.

Right gallantly she flew to reach her port of rest,
And wildly beating hearts their trembling joy confest,
Sweet voices sang aloud in wild, unthinking glee,
While graver tones spoke low of dear homes o'er the sea.

Hope shone in ev'ry eye and spoke in ev'ry glance,
And footsteps lightly trod the mazes of the dance,
And if o'er one brow came a shade of nameless fear,
Kind tones that shade dispelled with words of buoyant cheer.

Anon, a change came o'er the scene so lately gay,
The vessel blindly reeled on her uncertain way,
The youth and helpless child for mercy called aloud,
And Man's strong spirit then and Woman's heart were bow'd.

And there was one among that anxious, sorrowing band,
E'en as I write, methinks I see him silent stand,
With mournful eyes and brow : it is, it must be he,
Whom ship and wind and wave were bringing back to me.

Ah, many a weary year from native land away,
He spent in camps ; at last Hope nearer brought the day
When he should find at home, though other lights grew dim,
Love's long-neglected lamps still burning bright for him.

Lost ! lost ! oh gracious Lord, too dreadful is the truth,
Thou wilt not fling a shade so dark upon my youth ;
Hush, hush, rebellious heart,—my Father, pardon me,
I would not doubt Thy love, nor question Thy decree.

Oh, Thou to whom the sea's tumultuous waves are calm,
Pour on my troubled breast Thy healing words of balm ;
Though my dear brother died, while some from death went free,
And him Thou couldst have saved, I do not question Thee.

MY FRIEND.

I HAVE a friend, a young and gentle friend,
Whose very name brings thoughts of Summer-flow'rs,
And as I breathe it o'er again, I wend
With her the paths of long-departed hours.
We stand in the sweet May-time of our lives
And gaze upon the Future's sun-lit slopes,
And note how much of the dear Past survives,
And count the grave-stones of our buried hopes.
Thus, though 'tis long since last her trembling hand
Lay warm in mine, I feel its pressure still,
And though long leagues of water and of land
Threaten by distance our fond hearts to chill,
I do not think, wherever she may be,
My gentle friend can have forgotten me.

QUESTIONINGS AT EVENTIDE.

WHEN the evening-star was shining,
Radiance faint with gloom combining,
In half-consciousness reclining
Thus I heard a low voice say :
"Hast thou been of wrongs the righter ?
Hast thou made one burthen lighter ?
Hast thou made one dark heart brighter ?
Hast thou shed a single ray
Of thy spirits' light around thee ?
Hast thou burst the ties that bound thee ?
Or hath Night in darkness found thee,
After all the light of Day ?"

Mem'ries of that dead day fading
Into dim, uncertain shading,
Listened I to the upbraiding
  Of that low, reproachful tone;
And the restful hour of Even
To the weary toiler given,
And the starry noon of Heaven,
  Found me tearful, sad and lone;
Tearful for a bright day shaded,
Sad o'er sorrows left unaided,
Lonely for hopes which had faded
  And would be no more mine own.

FIRST AND LAST.

One bright dream of my boyhood
  I would not have return,
Though once its very mem'ry
  Could make my bosom burn
With wild and vain regretting
  O'er Love's abandoned urn.

In dreams I never see her,
  The lost star of my youth,
Yet hers was wondrous beauty—
  Such beauty as, in sooth,
Had been like that of angels
  If but allied with truth.

I passed the stately mansion
In which she dwells to-day,
Around its fair, wide portal
The tall elms wave alway.
I saw her lovely children
Upon the lawn at play.

I saw her noble consort,
For whom she broke the vow
I thought would last forever,
All, all is altered now.
My steps were light and joyous,
He wore a troubled brow.

With calm control I met her,
She bowed with gracious pride,
Then viewed with dazzling glances
The maiden at my side,
She saw her girlhood's lover
And his young promised bride.

Thank Heav'n, my better nature
Has depths she could not stir,
Thank Heav'n, on one true spirit
My heart can yet confer
A deeper, holier feeling
Than that I gave to her.

For she is but a statue,
Tho' very fair to see,
The marble heart she gave him
Was never meant for me,
The warmth of my wild worship
Was not for such as she.

AS A DREAM THAT IS UNNOTED.

As a dream that is unnoted,
As a faint, forgotten chime,
As a mem'ry that has floated
From the guardian care of Time,
So shall fade away the name
I have dreamt should live in Fame.

As a tree whose leaves are scatter'd
When the Autumn winds are high,
As a bark by tempests shatter'd,
'Neath a dark and starless sky,
So shall be this earthly frame
When the dust its own shall claim.

Then the true hearts that have loved me
May a shade of sadness know,
And the lips that have reproved me
Shall be free my faults to show.
Praise or censure in that hour
Shall be of but little pow'r.

Sometimes eyes with tears may glisten
When they view my vacant seat,
Sometimes friends may mutely listen
For a step they may not meet.
All their love will be in vain,
For I shall not come again.

Many years their lives may number
Yet they, too, shall go to rest,
Go to an unbroken slumber
By no boding dreams opprest,
And each Spring's unnoted blooms
Like sweet thoughts may seek their tombs.

But I shall sleep on, unheeding
That they slumber by my side,
That my mem'ry is receding
With the ebbing human tide,
For the things of earth shall be
As a long-lost dream to me.

I DREAMT THAT THOU WERT CHANGED.

I DREAMT that thou wert changed,
I saw the light fade from thy loving eyes,
I missed the music of thy low replies,
And felt we were estranged.

Thy brow was frank and clear,
No sorrowful resentment brooded there,
There was naught in thy countenance or air
To waken hope or fear.

No cause for grief—and yet
Th' unusual silence grieved my spirit sore,
And some dark doubt that we should e'er meet more
As we had ever met.

I struggled with my tears,
And I besought thee by our early youth,
By all the old-time love and trustful truth,
To be as in those years.

E'en as the words I said,
I bowed in solemn awe and sudden fear,
For thou didst neither smile nor seem to hear,
Unmoved as are the dead.

Then only did there come
Unto my soul the thought that thou wert free,
That thou hadst left this world's dull cares to me
And gone to thy bright home.

Half of Death's pangs were past
When Doubt had fled away, and holy trust
Spoke of the time when, rising from the dust,
I should meet thee at last.

THE FORT OF CHAMBLY.

(From the French of Benjamin Sulte.)

The Fort of Chambly is the last ruin of the French fortifications remaining in the Province of Quebec, which has not been restored by the English. This Fort, constructed of stone, 1717, was burnt by the Americans in 1775, and has since that time remained as it is now: four high and strong walls, still firm, I believe, situated at the foot of the Chambly Rapids.

Old Fort, remain thus till the end,
Brave still the wildness of the blast,
Sole vestige of an age long past,
With all-destroying Time contend!
The battle-smoke doth yet surround
Those ancient ramparts—here they fell
Who fought beneath their banners well,
This is their fitting burial-ground.

Gather the scattered blossoms strown
Like stars beneath the ruined wall:
My heart knows well the worth of all
These things which here appear so lone.

Alas, that cold forgetfulness
Should thus surround this ancient place;
Where now is the heroic race,
Its brave defenders in distress?
Beside the torrent covered o'er
With foam, which murmurs forth its song,
I am transported, borne along
By mem'ries of what is no more.

Gather the scattered blossoms, &c.

What time the haughty Iroquois,
By sanguinary ardour led,
Seized on the bow and hatchet dread,
And up the river took their way,
Thy walls beheld by these stern men,
Caused them a sudden awe to know,
And our ancestors' ancient foe
Trembled at thy grand aspect then.

Gather the scattered blossoms, &c.

Witness of many combats dread,
Which made of yore our proudest boast,
Thou bringest back to me a host
Of mem'ries of the gallant dead.
Ah, glorious cradle of our race,
For those from whom our lives begun,
We love thee, and each rev'rent son
Does homage to their resting place.

Gather the scattered blossoms, &c.

Here were the sacred germs first sown,
From whence upsprung our destiny,
And such shall ever honoured be,
Though bearing marks of years long flown.
O! may our fathers' ardent faith,
Their courage in each dang'rous way,
In peace, in peril or in fray,
Protect us so that none may scathe.

Gather the scattered blossoms, &c.

And when upon the horizon's brow
The tempest-winds upbuild a wall,
As sheaves which, ere the harvest fall,
Your foreheads, oh ye people, bow;
Then let high thoughts your spirits move,
Think of those ancient days sublime,
And how our land in that far time
Shared all our undivided love.

Gather the scattered blossoms strown
Like stars beneath the ruined wall,
My heart knows well the worth of all
Those things which here appear so lone.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our country! oh, the magic name
Can kindle in our hearts a flame
So bright, so pure, it will not die
Until these pulses throbless lie;
Until the sounds we love to hear
Shall lose their meaning to the ear,
And the sweet songs of home no more
Shall thrill our spirits as of yore.

Our country! on her smiling plains
The silent dews, the tuneful rains,
The light subdued, the cloudless sheen,
Like troops of viewless elves have been,

Till springing wheat and tasselled corn
Wave blithely to the breeze of morn,
And in the long grass, cool and sweet,
Low, hidden blossoms kiss our feet.

Our country! in her grand, old woods
Stern solitude in silence broods,
Like some recluse of olden days
Vowed to a life of voiceless praise,
And oft through leafy cloisters dim
Is borne the burden of a hymn
Haunting eternally the mind
Of that wild chorister, the wind.

Our country! on her broad, clear lakes,
The rosy light of dawning breaks
As brightly as on waves which lie
Serenely 'neath the Old World's sky;
And on each river's ample breast
The radiant cloud-isles of the West
Float, as on some enchanted stream,
Or moveless rest, as in a dream.

Our country! on her lovely hills
The music of descending rills
Makes gladder with its silv'ry flow
The valleys which repose below;
And often o'er these lonely heights
The strange and fitful Northern Lights
Fill the void halls of air with flame
And shifting glories ne'er the same.

Our country! chainless, happy, free,
As she has been so may she be,
May years of plenty and of peace
Attend her still, nor know decrease;
And while this pleasant land of ours
Knows genial warmth and fresh'ning show'rs,
May we, her children, ever share
His love who made our land so fair!

POMPEII.

Lo! the veil is rent away,
Open to the gaze of day
Lies the home of mystery
By the blue and laughing sea.

Terrible, yet strangely fair,
Phantoms ever linger there;
Dreams from some dim world unknown
Flit o'er faces shaped in stone.

Stern Vesuvius may frown
On the marble ruins down,
Can her wrath hurt such as these,
Wan ghosts of the centuries?

No! and yet there was a time
When her shadow stalked sublime
Past the doors of living men,
Fear and Silence entered then.

And an awful Presence stood
Near the evil and the good,
With an arm upheld to strike
That doomed city's sons alike.

When, oh, when, Neapolis,
Wilt thou see a scene like this?
Not till Earth herself expire
In the fierce embrace of fire.

THE SEA-SHELL.

He sent me this shell from a tropical shore,
As a constant reminder of moments of yore;
And he said: "As the shell ever dreams of the sea,
My heart is still haunted by mem'ries of thee."

Then I placed the curved lips of his gift to my ear,
And the waves' distant chorus rose murm'ringly near,
And I said: "Now sweet sybil the mystery tell
Of what in thy far-sounding caverns may dwell."

Then, I heard, as I listened, glad snatches of song,
But their meaning was lost as they floated along,
Till a story of shipwreck rolled in on my brain,
The wild phantom-surges its mournful refrain.

All sounds of the ocean thus cherished so well,
Were breathed by the spirit that dwelt in the shell,
Till I said: "Ah, thy legends are many in sooth.
But tell me some tale of the friend of my youth."

Then I heard the low murmur of waves on a beach,
Which these home-loving footsteps, oh, never may reach,
While the lone lay of shipwreck was sung o'er and o'er,
And the sweet song of gladness was never heard more.

RETURN OF THE MUTINEERS.

A SHIP came drifting in from sea,
Just as the Summer night drew down
Her floating veil of mystery
Upon a slumb'ring ancient town.

Soft fell the starlight on the deck,
But, pacing there, a restless throng,
Told wild and fearful tales of wreck,
And of a yet unpunished wrong.

And ever thro' their hushed discourse
A dark remembrance, like a thread,
Ran, and their very tones grew hoarse
And faltered when they named the dead.

One whispered: "But a single star
Shone on our pathless course last night,
His face glanced past that golden bar,
I shuddered, for I saw aright."

Another spoke: "His voice, methought,
Filled all the sounding ocean-caves;
Last sunset's gorgeous colours brought
An ominous blood-tint to the waves."

And other lips, all quiv'ring, said:
"We sought a distant clime unknown,
But e'en the very winds betrayed
And wafted us back to our own.

Our memories of stormy skies,
Of banishment on that lone isle,
Shall make his mother's gentle eyes
Forevermore forget to smile.

And she, in whose high window burned
The light she would not let grow dim,
When she hears that his ship's returned,
How shall we speak to her of him?"

Then one among that hapless crew,
Who to their converse paid no heed,
Said, as aside his cloak he threw:
"Behold this hand hath done the deed:—

Ye listened to his words like law,
Until I turned your hearts away;—
Ye speak of what ye heard and saw
By night,—I see him night and day!

A shadowy pilot, see! he stands,
With dripping hair and cloven brow;
Mark, how he folds his weary hands,
We're home, his duty's ended now.

And this our fate forevermore,
To sail 'neath an unspoken curse,
Nor find an unfamiliar shore
Within the haunted universe!"

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF JACQUES CARTIER.

WHAT quiet thoughtfulness rests on that brow,
What calm resolve on that unsmiling lip,
Alone he stands as lost in rev'ries now,
Upon the deck of his own gallant ship.
Was such his attitude, was such his mien,
When Canada's wild shores burst on his sight?
Or did he gaze thus moveless and serene
Upon its dim coasts by the parting light?
Ah, if indeed on these that far-off glance
In all its fixed intensity was cast,
Methinks 'twas thus he mused of his loved France,
And the vain visions of a youth long past,
Quitting a strange strand to return no more,
For the fair land which had been his before.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE lights from cottage windows fall
Athwart the snowy hollows,—
And, hark! was that a distant call
Which startled Echo follows?
There is no home for many a mile
Save this, the dark wood's centre,
No warmth, no cheering word or smile,
To bid a stranger enter.

To-night we gather round the blaze
Of pine-logs redly burning,
And talk of all the vanished days
For which is no returning,
But hark! amid our loudest mirth,
Our merriest peals of laughter,
That phantom cry comes to our hearth,
The shrieking echo after.

Is it the voice of some lost dream
From years long dead arisen;
Some hope that, like a living stream,
Has forced its winter prison;
Some haunting mem'ry of the past,
From Childhood's time descended,
Which now comes to us for the last,
And is forever ended?—

Or is it but the faint refrain
Of some old song of sorrow,
Which breaks in on the gladsome strain
With which we hail the morrow?
Whate'er it be, we heed it not,
That ancient voice of warning,
We would not that a gloomy thought
Should darken Christmas morning.

THE ISLAND MAIDEN.

YES! thou wert beautiful in hours of mirth,
When laughing radiance crowned thy sunny brow;
That brief and sudden gladness was of earth,
'Tis gone;—thou art divinely pensive now.
There is a mistiness in thy dark eye,
A pearly paleness on thy rounded cheek,
And while thou'rt musing on the days gone by,
Those dear lips may not of the future speak.

Unlike the influence of thy gayer hours,
Thy melancholy holds a deeper spell;
Thou seemest one of those sweet, lonely flow'rs
That none may ever fear to love too well.
Thou shrinkest from the world's untruth and guile,
Thou heedest not its censure nor its praise,
And Flatt'ry, with her bright, bewild'ring smile,
Withdraws abashed before thy steady gaze.

I came, like others, to this tranquil isle,
A wanderer through many a changeful scene;
I leave it, and sad thoughts arise the while
Of what my wasted life might once have been.
Yet thy pure loveliness can but awake
The broken faith of years, the vanished trust,
Friendship leaps from her bier for thy sweet sake,
And Peace springs, like a flower, from Passion's dust.

No longer on the sparkling, moonlit sands,
Shall we, as in past hours, together stray;
Thou, list'ning to my tales of other lands,
I, watching the wild billows at their play.
No longer! yet I thank the fate that cast
My bark on friendly shores so fair and free,
I have forgotten lessons of the past
In the sweet lore that I have learnt from thee.

From the charmed circle of thy quiet home
A holy happiness fell on my heart,
That happiness be thine when far I roam,
For I must from these scenes ere morn depart.
So, now, farewell to thee and this lone isle,
The restless spirit must still onward go,
But the remembered brightness of thy smile
Shall light life's pathway through a world of woe!

MA CANADIENNE.

I've seen the sparkling demoiselle
Of sunny, pleasant France,
And felt the strange, bewitching spell
Of her mirth-loving glance,
In many a sweet Provençal dell,
The home of old romance;
But from her looks and tones of glee
I turned, ma Canadienne, to thee.

I've met the gentle English girl
Beneath her native sky,
And marked the ruby and the pearl
About her sweet mouth vie—
The amber of each floating curl,
The sapphire of her eye,
But dearer than that fair, still face,
I prized ma Canadienne's wild grace.

I've seen the bonnie Highland lass,
Amongst the golden broom,
Around her feet the swaying mass
Of wild-flow'rs shed perfume—
Her blushing beauty might surpass
The rose's richest bloom:
Its charm, ma belle, was quickly gone;
One thought of thee, and I passed on.

Beneath the softest, bluest sky
  Of show'rs and sunlight born,
Which ever seems to canopy
  An island green and lorn,
The Irish colleen's arch reply
  Rang on the breeze of morn;
Thy sportive moods it might recall,
But that, ma Canadienne, was all.

I've watched the gondolas that glide
  By the old marble piles
Which guard, in stern and stately pride,
  The bright Venetian isles;
And lovely ladies, side by side,
  Lit up the waves with smiles;
But in the glorious West afar,
Thy face was shining like a star.

I've wandered by that classic shore
  Where the first poets sung;
Where hills speak with the voice of yore,
  And valleys find a tongue;
And HELEN'S beauty lives once more
  In maidens fair and young;
Greece could not teach me to forget
Ma Canadienne—I loved thee yet.

I've sought Italia's flow'ry land ;
  Its soft, delightful air
This brow has often idly fanned,
  While visions bright and rare
Passed—but upon a distant strand
  Thou wert unchanged and fair ;
So, o'er the heaving Western main
I sought ma Canadienne again.